



What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
 Onely the Shaddow of that brittle case
 Wherin were treasur'd up those Gemms, which hee
 Hath left behind him to Posteritie.

Croft July:

M. Rojs.



What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
 Onely the Shaddow of that brittle case
 Wherin were treasur'd up those Gemms, which hee
 Hath left behind him to Posteritie.

Croft July:

M. Rojs.

Samuel Lynaugh



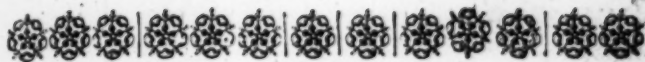
By Fra. Quarles

London Printed for J. W. & P. B. at the
sign of the Griffin, and at the
sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

Hæc laus , hic apex Sapi-
entia est , ea viventem
appetere , quæ morienti
forent appetenda.



bee
mo
gro
the
plea
betr



T O

My much Honoured,

and no less truly beloved Friend,

EDW. BENLOWES,

ESQUIRE.

My dear Friend,



YOU have put the Theorboe into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Musician the first encouragement; the Musick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Ayre, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst; but being a grove Strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best: and among them, you. Toyish Ayres please trivial Ears; they kiss the Fancy, and betray it: They cry, Hail, first; and after,

A 2

Crucifie:

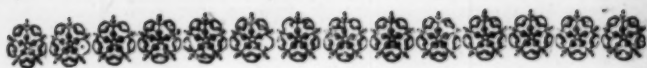
Crucifie: *Let Dorrs delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilest Eagles scorn so poor a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; Let the one judge, let the other excuse*

Your most affectionate

Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.





T O T H E
R E A D E R.



N *Embleme* is but a silent Parable. Let not the tender Eye check, to see the Allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these Types. In holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes, a Fisher; sometimes, a Physician: And why not presented so as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of Letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to say, I wish thee as much pleasure in the Reading, as I had in Writing. Farewel READER.

B*Y Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinity: (apace,
Blest Soul that here embark'st; Thou sail'st
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by Wit, or Grace;
Each Muse so plies her Oar: but O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heav'n with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve in Verse this Divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the Press:
I must no more; nor could the Truth say less.*

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. Cantabrigiensis.

Tot Flores **QUARLES**, quot *Paradisus* habet.
Lectori bene-male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hoc Flores, Qui carpit, uterque

Jure potest Violas dicere, jure Rosas.

Non è *Parnasso* **VIOLAM**, *Passive* **ROSETO**

Carpit Apollo, magis quæ sit amœna, ROSAM.

Quot Versus VIOLAS legis; & Quem verba locutum

Credis, verba dedit: Nam dedit Ille ROSAS.

Utque Ego non dicam hæc VIOLAS suavissima; Tute

Ipse facis VIOLAS, Livide, si violas.

Nam velut è VIOLIS sibi fugit Aranea virus:

Vertis iat in succos Hasque ROSASque tuos.

Quas violas Musas, VIOLAS puto, quasque reculas

Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse ROSAS,

Sic rosas, facis esse ROSAS, dum, Zoile, rodis:

Sic facis has VIOLAS, Livide, dum violas.

Brent-Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.



Dum Caelum aspicio, Solum despicio.

W. Marshall del.



THE FIRST BOOK.

The Invocation.

Rowze thee, my Soul; and drein thee from the dregs
 Of vulgar thoughts: Skrue up the heightned pegs
 Of thy sublime Theorboe four notes higher,
 And higher yet, that so, the shrill-mouth'd Quire
 Off swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
 And make thy Consort more then half divine.
 Invoke no Muse; Let Heav'n be thy *Apollo*;
 And let his sacred influences hallow
 Thy high-bred strains; Let his full beams inspire
 Thy ravish'd brains with more heroick fire:
 Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagles wing,
 And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing:
 Cast off these dangling plummetts, that so clog
 Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
 Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
 To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
 A thin blew Landskip; Let thy pinions soare
 So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
 Then Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
 Thy ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
 Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
 Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reason curb
 Thy hot mouth'd Passion; and let heav'ns fire season
 The fresh Conceits of thy corrected Reason.
 Disdain to warm thee at lusts smoky fires,
 Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
 Come, come, my soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
 The wind blows fair; Shall we still creep like Snails,

That

That gild their waies with their own Native slimes ?
No, we must fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Must mount to Heav'n and reach th' Olympick Ear ;
Our Heav'n-blown fire must seek no other Sphear.

Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'st and ground'st
Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghil crown'st
Reflected Honour, taking by retail,
What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed, frail,
And sinful man ; that drink'st full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, scurf'd with Sin,
Have padled, cleanse, O cleanse my crafty Soul
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts : O, teach me stoutly to deny
My self, that I may be no longer I :
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my dross ; O, wink at humane faults ;
And through this slender Conduit of my Quill
Convey thy Current, whose clear streams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise :
Crown me with Glory ; Take, who list, the Bayes.



Totus mundus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.

Will Marston fecit.

I.

J A M. I. 14.

*Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away
by his own lust, and enticed.*

*Serpent.**Eve.*

Serp. **N**ot eat? Not tast? Not touch? Not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat't thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a Wast,
As well as Surfets; Woman, Do but tast:
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; Observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure Vermilion blush has dy'd
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide
Their palse heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but cast an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat: Y^e abuse the thing ye use not.
Eve. Wisest of Beasts, our great Creatour did
Reserve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the tast; to th^e eye as fair:
But touching this, his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to tast, no less then death to touch.

Serp.

Serp. Pish; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inspire
 Your equal Elements with living Fire,
 Blown from the spring of Life? Is not that breath
 Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
 As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
 Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
 Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
 What ere he made (from the blew spangled frame
 To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
 Blest he not both the Feeder and the Food?
 Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
 From such blest Food, to such half-gods as you?
 Curb needlesse fears, and let no fond conceit
 Abuse your freedom; Woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
 Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,
 Undue; I know the fruit is good, untill
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
 The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal
 To let in death, and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, Taste, and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* transgress? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm?
 Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.
 Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree:
 'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
 Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
 Fear death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
 To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food:
 He pull, and tast, and tempt my *Adam* too
 To know the secrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Only said, Cast thy self down; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the Devil casteth himself down: For the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

S. BERN. in ser.

It is the Devils part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who proposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I:

Unlucky Parliament! wherein at last,
Both Houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death, confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but such success as Ours!



Sic mahon crevit unicon in omne mahon.

C. Marshall sculpsit

II.

JAMES I. 15.

*Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth
forth sinne; and sinne when it is finished
bringeth forth death.*

I

Lament, lament; Look, look what thou hast done!

Lament the world's, lament thy own estate:

Look, look by doing how thou art undone;

Lament thy fall; lament thy change of State:

Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,

See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late

O thou that wert so many men, nay all

Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp rate fall

Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self withall.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy maker made

Equal to Angels that excell in pow'r,

What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd

Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flower

How does the glory of thy beauty fade!

How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!

How art thou cow'd, that hadst the pow'r to quell

The spite of new-fall'n Angells. baffle Hell,

And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell,

3

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
 Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
 Is now degenerated, and become
 A base Adulterers, whose false births do fill
 The earth with Monsters, Monsters that do come
 And rage about, and make a trade to kill :
 Now Glutt'ny paunches ; Lust begins to spawn ;
 Wrath takes revenge ; and Avarice a pawn ;
 Pale Envy pines, Pride swells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Aire that whisper'd, now begins to rore,
 And blustering Boreas blows the boyling Tide ;
 The white-mouth'd Water now usurps the shore,
 And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide ;
 The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
 And rules her ruler with resistless pride :
 Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire, that first were made
 To be subdu'd, see how they now invade ; (obey'd,
 They rule whome once they serv'd, command where once

5

Behold ; that nakedness, that late bewray'd
 Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder :
 Behold ; those Trees whose various fruits were made
 For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under :
 Behold ; that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)
 That late was musick, now affrights like thunder :
 Poor man ! Are not thy joynts grown sore with shak-
 To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, (ing,
 That in one hour didd'it marre what heav'n lix dayes was
 (making?

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. lib. I. de lib. arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedome which man could not use, yet had power to keep if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should loose the power to do it, when he had the will.

HUGO de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: thus Adam lost his Paradise:

EPIG. 2.

*See how these fruitful kernils, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd,*

III.



Ut potius, patior, Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROVERBS 14. 13.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and
the end of that mirth is heaviness.*

I

A Las fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for hony from a nest of wasps ?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly Nectar from the mouths of asps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy souls vexation brings :
Put case thou meet
Some peti-peti-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3

Why doest thou make
These murm'ring troupes forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes ?
This hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains ;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combs.

4

For trash and toyes,
And grief-ingend'ring joyes,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and bloud !
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of reall ills,
Man swallows down to purchase one false good !

5

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear ;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sowre :
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not alwayes mellow :
The fairest Tulip's not the sweetest flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better farre unfound ;
Alas ! thy gains
Are onely present pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth ? or in it,
That longer then a minut,
Can lend a free delight that can endure ?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in such a soyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pain is sure ?

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful ; It is a labour and a perpetual fear ; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy shafts already made ?
And seeking honey, to set up thy trade ?
True Embleme of thy sweets ! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails, a sting.

IV.



Quis Leuior? cui plus ponderis addit amor.

IV.

P S A L M. 62. 9.

*To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter
then vanity.*

I

PUt in another weight : 'Tis yet too light :
And yet: Fond *Cupid*, put another in ;
And yet another : Still ther's under weight :
Put in another hundred : Put again ;
Add world to world ; then heap a thousand more
To that ; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance lower.

2

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;
Put in great *Mammon's* endless inventory ;
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty *Cesar* ;
Put in the greater weight of *Sweedens* glory ;
Add *Scipio's* gauntlet ; put in *Plato's* gown :
Put *Circes* charmes, put in the triple crown.
Thy ballance will not draw ; thy ballance will not down.

3

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toyl, with so much trouble ?
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly over-ballanc'd with a bubble ?
Good God ! that frantick mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy !

Thou

4

Thou bold Impostor, how hast thou besool'd
 The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire!
 How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
 Heav'n's free-born flames, and kindled bastard fire!
 How hast thou vented dross in stead of treasure,
 And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,
 Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet, most affecting
 And closely following those that most reject her;
 But seeming careless, nicely disrespeecting
 And coyly flying those that most affect her:
 If thou be free, she's strange, if strange she's free;
 Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee:
 Then she ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond then
 (she.

6

What a Crocodilian world is this,
 Compos'd of treacheries, and ensnaring wiles!
 She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
 And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;
 She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
 The veryest tyrant where she vows to love,
 And is a Serpent most, when most she seem's a Dove:

7

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
 To make an object of so easie gains;
 Thrice happy he who scornes so poor a prize
 Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
 Thrice happy he, that ne'r was born to trie
 Her frowns or smiles; or being born, did lie
 In his sad nurses arms an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight ?
Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward then the
world can give ; and what is the world but a brittle thing full
of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils ? O
let all her vain, light, and momentany glory perish with her self,
and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas, this
world is miserable ; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soul, what's lighter then a feather ? wind.
Then wind ? The fire. And what then fire ? The mind.
What's lighter then the mind ? A thought. Then thought ?
This bubble-world. What then this bubble ? Nought.

V.



Hic vestitue orbis.

V.

I COR. 7. 31.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

GOne are those golden dayes, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sinne :
When good old *Saturn's* peaceful Throne
Was usurped by his beardless Son :
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuse
Of her Chaste bed, or breach of nuptial Truce :
When just *Astræa* poys'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewail's :
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown ;
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leisure of his long-tayl'd Advocate ;
The Talion Law was in request,
And Chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry brest ;
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures :
There was no peeping-hole to clear
The wittals eye from his incarnate fear ;
There were no lustful Cinders then
To broyl the Carbonado'd hearts of men :
The roseie cheek did then proclaim
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of shame :
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupid's* twang, or curse his flaming dart ;

The Boy had then but callow wings,
 And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no stings :
 The better-acted world did move
 Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
 Love effenc'd in the hearts of men ;
 Then Reason rul'd ; there was no Passion then ;
 Till Lust and Rage began to enter,
 Love the Circumference was, and love the Center.
 Until the wanton dayes of *Jove*
 The simple world was all compos'd of Love ;
 But *Jove* grew fleshly, false, unjust ;
 Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust ;
 And Cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurld
 Fierce balls of rage into th' incestuous world :
Astræa fled, and love return'd
 From earth, earth boyl'd with lust, with rage it burn'd :
 And ever since the world hath been
 Kept going with the scourge of Lust and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which alwayes putteih the affections into a false gallop.

HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poyson, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroick minde.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in respect of Superiours, because they are not equall to them; in respect of Inferiours, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Christ.

EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, must the world be lash'd so soon?
 But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
 'Tis like the wagge that playes with *Venus Doves*,
 The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

VI.



In cruce vita quies

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I

HOW is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an Heſtick fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſh'd gold
From naſty mire !
A whining Lover may as well request
A ſcornful breſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can ;
Let ſmiling Fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began ,
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man ;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their beſt ;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give : but earth can give no reſt :

3

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
 His cares are double ;
 . The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
 Bring but a trouble ;
 The world it self, and all the worlds command,
 Is but a bubble.
 The strong desires of mans insatiate breast
 May stand posselt
 Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no rest.

4

The world's a seeming Par'dise, but her own
 And mans tormenter ;
 Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
 Without a tenter ;
 . It is a vast Circumference, where none
 Can finde a Center.
 Of more then earth can earth make none posselt ;
 And he that least
 Regards this restless world, shall in this world finde rest.

5

True rest consists not in the oft revying
 Of worldly dross ;
 Earths mire purchase is not worth the buying ;
 Her gain is loss ;
 Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
 Upon her crosse.
 How worldlings droyl for trouble ! That fond breast
 That is posselt
 Of earth without a crosse, has earth without a rest.

CASS. in Pf.

The Cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The Cross of Christ is the key of Paradise: the weak mans staff: the Converts convoy: the upright mans perfection: the soul and bodies health: the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

*Worldlings, whose whimpering folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me what your Arms engross,
When the best end of what ye hugg's a cross.*

VII.



Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

VII.

I PETER 5. 8.

*Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary
the devil as a roaring Lyon walketh about
seeking whom he may devoure.*

I

WHy dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At *Morpheus* shrine? Is this a time to sleep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams: Awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,
Hadd'st thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.

2

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wise; let not thy thoughts be sed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now, or never:
For if thou nodd'st thou fall'st: and falling fall'st for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare :
 His bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart;
 He aimes, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart :
 The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.
 What ? has the voyce of danger lost the art
 To raise the spirit of neglected care ?
 Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft repoces ;
 But know withall, sweet tastes have sower closes ;
 And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4

Yet sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more
 With earths false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
 Whole fruit is fair and pleasing to the sight,
 But sowre in tast, false at the putrid core :
 Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light,
 She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor :
 She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell ;
 Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell :
 Her words protest a Heav'n ; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whose better part
 Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire :
 That dayly wallow'st in the fleshly mire
 And base pollution of a lustful heart,
 That feel'st no passion but in wanton fire,
 And own'st no torment but from *Cupid's* dart ;
 Behold thy Type : Thou sitt'st upon this ball
 Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,
 Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy
 (fall.)

S. BERN.

Get u
 From
 Thy f
 Life l

S. BERN.

Security is nowhere ; It is neither in Heaven, nor in Paradise, much less in the world : In heaven the Angels fell from the divine presence ; in Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure ; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and escaped the torments of hell-fire : I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

thy
fall.
N.
Got up, my soul ; Redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowzy bondage : O beware ; be wise :
Thy fo's before thee ; thou must fight or flie :
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

VIII.



Et risu necat.

VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

*Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn
and weep.*

THe world's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequal poysoning
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects :
One raves and labours with a boyling liver ;
Rends hair by handfulls, cursing *Cupid's* quiver :
Another with a bloody-flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge : one dotes ; the other loaths :
One frisks and sings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and makes the welkin rore :
Another droops ; the sun-shine makes him sad ;
Heav'n cannot please : One's mop'd ; the tother's mad :
One huggs his gold ; another lets it flie :
He knowing not for whom ; nor tother why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play ;
Another sleeps and sluggs both night and day :
One laughs at this thing ; tother cries for that :
But neither one nor tother knows for what.
Wonder of wonders ! what we ought t' evite
As our disease, we hugg as our delight :
'Tis held a symptome of approaching danger,
When disacquainted Sense becomes a stranger,

And

And takes no knowledg of an old disease ;
But when a noysome grief begins to please
The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there :
As when the dreadful Thund'ers awful hand
Poures forth a vial on th' infected land,
At first th' affrighted Mortals quake and fear ;
And every noise is thought the Thunderer :
But when the frequent soul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder :
So when the world (a worse disease) began
To smart for sin, poor new created Man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done ;
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our blusheless times
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custome, and rebell in ease ;
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disea'e,
And (as the careless Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) wast our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! What haib fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where; be wise therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

*What ayls the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?
Fool, giggle on, and wast thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death:*

IX.



Frustea quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum

D
 Yo
 WH
 B
 Of
 And
 A
 That
 Th
 That
 Tr
 To sta
 Come
 An
 Whose
 And
 Come
 And
 B
 The vv

IX.

1. JOHN 2. 17.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

I

Draw near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd vapours, but at honours flame;
You, whose heroick actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babling fame;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built stories
Of earth, wheron you trust the ground-work of your glories.

2

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal joyes;
That know no heav'n but in your Mistriss eyes;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoyes:
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable:


3

Come dung-hill worldlings, you that roote like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come:
Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your vworld, the bank of all your store
The vworld ye so admire, the vworld ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
 Before the race ; before the start, retreat ;
 A faithles world, whose false delights expire
 Before the terme of half their promis'd date ;
 A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
 Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State :
 A feeble, faithles, fickle world, wherein
 Each motion proves a vice ; and ev'ry act a sin.

5

The beauty, that of late was in her flowre,
 Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust ;
 He that was lately drench'd in *Danaes* shower, 
 Is master now of neither gold nor trust ;
 Whose honour late was mann'd with princely power,
 His glory now lies buried in the dust ;
 O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
 That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute.

6

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
 Can finde a place wherein to rest secure ;
 The world is various and the earth is vain :
 There's nothing certain here, ther's nothing sure :
 We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain,
 And what's our onely grief's our onely cure :
 The world's a torment ; he that would endeavour
 To finde the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it self, yet flourisheth in our hearts; every where death, every where grief, every where desolation: On every side we are smitten; on every side filled with bitterness, and yet with the blinde minde of carnal desire we love her bitterness: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: And because we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it, and enjoy it, fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but spurn,
The world turns round; and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and *Lynx* ey'd Time is blinde,
P'le trust thy joyes, O world; till then, the winde.

X.



Vtriusq; crepundia Merces.

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of
your father ye will do.*

Here's your right ground: wagg gently o're this black;
 'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.
 Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
 On this bowls side: blow winde, 'tis fairly thrown;
 The next bowl's worse that comes, come bowl away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutour'd, play;
 Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
 Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
 Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
 Which without pastime flies too swift away!
 See how they labour; as if day and night
 Were both too short to serve their loose delight;
 See how their curved bodies wreath, and skruie
 Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
 One rapps an oath, another deals a curse;
 He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
 One rubs his itchless elbow, shruggs and laughs;
 The tother bends his beetle-brows, and chates:
 Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
 Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies:
 Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
 They make bad Premises, and worse conclusion;
 But wher's the Palm that Fortunes hand allowes
 To bless the victors honourable browes?

Come, Reader, come ; I'le light thine eye the way
To view the Prize, the while the gamesters play :
Close by the jack, behold, gill fortune stands
To wave the game ; see, in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To chear the Lads, and crown the Conq'rouers brow.
The world's the jack ; the gamesters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon* : that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan* : and the bowles
Are sinful thoughts : the Prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that bowles not ? what bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to day ?
It is the trade of man ; and every sinner
Has plaid his rubbers : Every soul's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's crost, He hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good God, turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew ;
New sole my bowles, and make their bias true :
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wish to winn until the mark be heaven.

S. BERN

S. BERNARD. lib. de Confid.

O you Sons of Adam, you covetous generation, what have ye
to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold
and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the onely error
of man makes, or rather repues, precious: In short, if they be
yours carry them with you.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

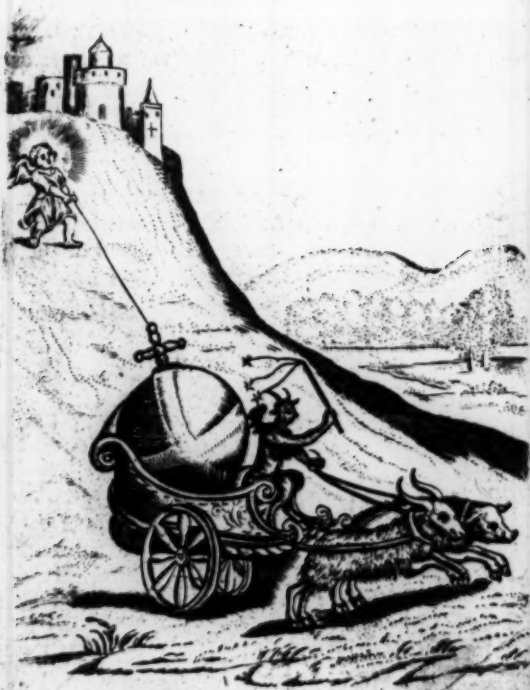
O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame
is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is in-
famy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell,

EPIG. 10.

Mammon well followed: Cupid bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound, and share the Prize

D 2

XI.



Mundus. in exitum ruit

XI.

EPHESIANS 2. 2.

*Ye walked according to the course of this world,
according to the Prince of the aire.*

I

○ Whither will this mad-brain world at last
Be driv'n? where will her, restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What? will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? never once retrieve?
Will earths perpetual progress ne'r expire?
Her Team continuing in their fresh career,
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours taske perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and to steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired sculs with strength restoring sleep.

3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race nor flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who neither weighing way nor weather, trot
Through dust and dirt, and droyl both night and day;
Thus droyl these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are fed with dropfies and venereal blains.
No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the reins.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightness given
A just occasion to thy foes illusion?
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driven
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion?
How is thy empty universe bereaven
Of all true joyes, by one false joyes delusion?
So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended Bride to a false Bankrupts bed.

5

Pull gracious Lord; Let not thine Arm forsake
The world, impounded in her own devices;
Think of that pleasure that thou once didst take
Amongst the Lillies and sweet Beds of spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slake
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
Let not that dust-devouring Dragon boast,
His craft has wonn what Judahs Lion lost;
Remember what it crav'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De summo bono.

*By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end,
by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution;
that knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his
damnation.*

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

*Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life: there are en-
ticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the Devil flatter-
eth, that he may deceive; smileth that he may endamage; al-
lureth that he may destroy.*

EPIG. II.

*Nay soft and fair, good world; post not too fast;
Thy journies end requires not half this hast.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives thee,
Alas thou needs must go: the devil drives thee.*

XII.



Inspem me copia fecit.

Will. Marshall Sculpit.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. II.

*Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast
of her consolation.*

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd so fast (thee :
To th' earths full breast: for shame, for shame unseise
Thou tak'st a surfet where thou should'st but tast,
And mak'st too much not halfe enough to please thee.
Ah fool, forbear; Thou swallow'st at one breath
Both food and poyson down; thou draw'st both milk and
(death.

2

The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with their milkie fload,
But being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholsome gulps compos'd of winde and bloud.
A mod'rate use does both repast and please;
Who strains beyond a mean draws in and gulps disease.

3

But, O that mean whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juyce?
There's nothing wholesome, where the whole's infected.
Unseise thy lips: Earths milk's a rip'ned core
That drops from her disease, that matters from her sore.
Think'st

4

Think'st thou that paunch that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat ; or flesh, that seems so brawny ?
Thy paunch is dropfied and thy cheeks are bloat ;
Thy lips are white and thy complexion tawny ;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumours ;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humour

5

And thou whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earths fluent breasts into an empty sive,
That alwaies hast, yet alwaies art complaining,
And whin'st for more then earth has power to give ;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast ;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast :

6

Go choose a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure ;
Or else go seek an urne that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure :
Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd ?
Thy liquour's neither sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7

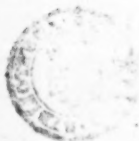
What less then fool is Man, to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,
Make firm possession but a thorow-fare ?
Or if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh then we ought, we nourish an enemy; If we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: The flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest by the satiety of the flesh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters, It is not sufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.



EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

XIII.



Da mihi frena timor, Da mihi calcar amor.

Bound in the

of the

When
The
But wh

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

*Men love darkness rather then light, because
their deeds are evil.*

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how slug are we!
How backward! how preposterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead;
Our vowes are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foyls us, or beats us off.
If thy sharp scourge finde out some secret fault,
We grumble or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: clogg'd with mire?
We stick, or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each bush we see's a bear.
When our dull souls direct their thoughts to thee,
The soft-pac'd snail is not so slow as we:
But when at earth we dart our wing'd desire,
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
 To her Magnetick friend :
 Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls flye
 At his fair Mistriss eye :
 So, so we cling to earth ; we flie and puff,
 Yet flie not fast enough.
 If pleasure becken with her balmy hand,
 Her beck's a strong command :
 If honour call us with a courtly breath,
 An hours delay is death :
 If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
 We clip more swift then Eagles :
 Let Auster weep, or blustering Boreas rore
 Till eyes or lungs be sore :
 Let Neptune swell until his dropsy-fides
 Burst into broken tides :
 Nor threatning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
 Can curb our fierce desire ;
 Nor fire nor rocks can stop our furious minds,
 Nor waves, nor winds :
 How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee !
 The light-foot Roe-buck's not so swift as we.

S. AUG

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. 64.

Two several Lovers built two several Cities ; the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem ; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon : Let every one enquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre: My weight is my love ; by that I am driven whither soever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, scourge my Ass if she should make no halt,
And curb my Stag if he should flie too fast :
If he be overswift, or she prove idle,
Let Love lend him a spur ; Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.



Phosphore redde diem.

Lig

W

May

How

La

Expe

Th

Our

Be

May

An

S

These

Let th

Th

Let th

Th

Let th

An

XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep
of death.*

Will't ne'r be morning ? Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear those clouds of night ?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs ; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

How long ! how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring ! How long shall darkness soyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action ? when, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion ?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists ; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Let those have night that slily lovè t' immure
Their cloyster'd crimes, and sinne secure ;
Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'r blush to do ;
Let those have night, that love to take a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap ;

Let those whose eyes, like Owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night that love the night:

Sweet *Phosper* bring the day;

How sad delay

Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes

Can find no object but what rise

From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark

Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark

And dangerous, a dull blew burning light,

As melancholy as the night:

Here's all the Sunnes that glister in the Sphere

Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?

Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day;

Haste, haste away

Heav'ns loyt'ring lamp; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day!

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee

Rocks earth into a Lethargie,

And with thy sootie fingers hast bedight

The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite;

Since thou hast puffed our greater Tapour; do

Puffe on, and out the lesser too:

If ere that breath-exiled flame return,

Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:

Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day;

Light will repay


The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee : If thou be hungry, he is bread ; If thirsty, he is water ; If in darknes, he is light ; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned ; An unwearied life, that cannot die ; a fountain alwayes flowing ; a garden of life ; a seminary of wisdom, a radical beginning of all goodness,



EPIG. II.

My soul, if Ignorance puffe out this light,
She'l do a favour that intends a spight :
'T seems dark abroad ; but take this light away,
Thy windows will discover break a day.

XV.



Debilatata fides : Tardus Astræa reliquit.

XV.

REVELATION 12. 12.

*The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath,
because he knoweth that he hath but a
short time.*

1

Lord ! can'st thou see and suffer ? is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace ? Shall earths black Monarch
A full possession of thy wasted land ? (take
O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-resisting Custome shake
The pillars of thy right by false command ?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come down ;
Behold whose Temples wear thy sacred Crown ;
Redress, redress our wrongs ; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Usurper mounts the seat
Of royal Majestie ; How overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frightened subjects ; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat ;
Lord can'st thou be so mild, and he so bold ?
Or, can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox ? Lord, can'st thou see and hold ?

3

That swift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
 Our welcome suits before the King of kings,
 That sweet Embassadour, that hurries hence
 What ayres th' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,
 See how she flutters with her idle wings;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense:
 Sense-conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
 And basely craven'd, that in times of old
 Did conquer Heav'n it self, do what th' Almighty could.

4

Behold how double fraud does scourge and tear
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear;
 See how she stands a pris'n'r to be sent
 A slave into eternal banishment,
 I know not whither, O, I know not where:
 Her Patent must be cancell'd in disgrace;
 And sweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
 Must act *Astræa's* part, must take *Astræa's* place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt? And fair *Astræa* gone?
 Quick-seeing *Faith* now blind? And *Justice* lee?
 Has *Justice* now found wings? and has *Faith* none?
 What do we here? who would not wish to be
 Dissolv'd from earth, and with *Astræa* flee
 From this blind dungeon to that Sun bright Throne?
 Lord, is thy Scepter lost, or laid aside?
 Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends untied?
 Lord, rise and rouze, and rule and crush their furious pride.

PETR. R A V. in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurneth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affections.

M A C A R.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we maybe glorified with those that are glorified.

S A V A N A R.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

E P I G. 15.

*My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the Play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the last act crowns the Play.*

I.



Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH 50. II.

*You that walk in the light of your own fire, and
in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall
lie down in sorrow.*

I

DO, silly *Cupid*, snuffe and trimme
Thy false thy feeble light;
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dimme.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more then sacred beams inspire
The raviht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she waines;
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rayes.
Cannot thy lustful blast,
Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so

3

Go, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy Torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemisphere;
Tearns scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4

In vain thy busie hands address
 Their labour to display
 Thy easie blaze within the verge of day ;
 The greater drowns the les :
 If Heav'ns bright glory shine,
 Thy glim'ring sparks must needs resigne;
 Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out

5

Go, *Cypids* rammish Pander, go,
 Whose dull, whose low desire
 Can find sufficient warmth from Natures fire,
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
 Blow wind made strong with spite ;
 When thou hast puffed the greater light,
 Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made

6

Deluded mortals, tell me when
 Your daring breath has blown
 Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have spent your own,
 What fire shall warm ye then ?
 Ah fools, perpetual night
 Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
 Where they shall boyl in flames, but flames shall bring

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of Grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding humility kindleth and pride overreth.

EPIG. 1.

*Thou blowst heav'ns fire, the whil'st thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly addes confusion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.*

II.



(Donec totum expleat orbem.)

There
eye

D H
T
eyond
an thr
f this
an clin
le gap
nough
le cha
hat we
f our
nd co
here
ain, a
he pal
st tip
hose
er nex
ch ev
e gro
e fuc
ntill h
n to
ll wa

II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.

O How our widⁿed arms can over-stretch
 Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach
 Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast
 Can shrink, to be more full, and full posselt
 Of this inferiour Orb ! How earth refin'd
 Can cling to sordid earth ! How kinde to kinde !
 We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store ;
 Though requires too much : too much craves more.
 We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
 That we recoyl or burst : the busie Mint
 Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
 And coyning new desires ; desires not knowing
 Where next to pitch, but like the boundless Ocean
 Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
 The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-ey'd night
 First tips her horned brows with easie light,
 Whose curious train of spangled Nymphs attire
 Her next nights glory with increasing fire ;
 Each evening adds more lustre, and adorns
 The growing beauty of her grasping horns :
 She sucks and draws her brothers golden store
 Till her gluttet Orb can suck no more.
 On so the Vulture of insatiate minds
 All wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds

New fewel to increase her rav'nous fire,
The grave is sooner cloy'd then mens desire:
We crosse the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lifes, perchance that ne're return;
We sack, we ran sack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdomes, and of forreign lands;
We travel sea and soyl, we pry, we proul,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toyl:
We make Art servile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compass earth, and with her empty store
To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more;
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But as our years, our hot desires increase:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! (with bloud and sweat)
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,
And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.
Now Reader close thy book, and then advise:
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwaies raking
The worlds base dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; The world's a trap

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be those now that so lately loved and hugg'd
the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms:
Observe what those men were; what those men are: They were
like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry daies, and
in a moment slipt into hell. Here their flesh is food for worms;
here, their souls are fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoyned in
an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where
they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter partners
in punishment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le trust thy armful, I'le trust that.

III.



Non amat iste ; sed hamat amor .

He
ep

W
Die th
Bel
Atten
Lik
V
O
Or w

Huab
Ho
Thou
As
Then
To
C
T
avo

III.

JOB 18. 8.

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.

1

What? nets and quiver too? what need there all
 These slie devices to betray poor men?
 Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall
 Before thy dart? what need these engines then?
 Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
 Like nightly coveys, where thou list and when?
 What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?
 Or what need strength compel, where none gain say?
 Or what need stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy sleights: It is but vain to waite
 Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;
 Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast
 As men obey: thou art more slow to call,
 Then they to come; thou canst not make such hast
 To strike, as they being struck make hast to fall.
 Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
 That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
 To avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart,

F

Lost

3

Lost mortal, how is thy destruction sure,
 Between two bawds, and both without remorse!
 The one's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
 'This, to entice thy soul; that, to enforce:
 Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure?
 That drawes, this wooes thee to th' eternal curse.
 O charming tyrant, how hast thou besool'd
 And slav'd poor man, that would not if he could
 Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not, if he would!

4

Alas thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
 His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
 Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mists, then boldly layes
 Thy Lethal gins before their christal gates;
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry Sense with thy false keys,
 All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:
 His ear most nimble where it deaf should be,
 His eye most blinde where most it ought to see,
 And when his heart's most bound, then thinks it self free.

5

Thou grand Impostour, how hast thou obtain'd
 The wardship of the world! Are all men turn'd
 Ideots and lunaticks? Are all retain'd
 Beneath thy servile bands? Is none return'd
 To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd
 His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd?
 What none dismiss thy Court? Will no plump see
 Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,
 T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners free.

S. BERN. in: Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here every thing is beset with snares; here souls are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.



EPIG. 3.

*Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these;
Thy thriving sport will ne'r be spent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.*

IV.



Quam graue seruitum est, quod leuis esca parit.

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

*They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a
whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke
out of the chimney.*

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes
Contemne a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow Natures too affected fashion,
Or travel in the Regent-walk of Passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose with smiles and tears;
Come burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which daies of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beset
The world, and made more slaves then *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay! why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we:
What's sweet-lipt Honours blast, but smoke? What's treasure
But very smoke? And what more smoke then pleasure?
Alas: they're all but shadows, fumes and blasts;
That vanishes, this fades, the other wasts.
The restless Merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and layes his soul to sleep

In bags of Bullion, sees th' immortal Crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow;
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow:
Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke
Behold the Glory-vying childe of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with bloud;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phullop, or a Gen'ral's frown:
His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond soul which wastes his idle daies
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of *Cupid's* candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress *Geminies*,
Whereto his lad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are lindg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire:
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERO

Cupid
It coc
Dull.
Into a

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich : the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly : he is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour : the pomp of the world and the favour of the people are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing : which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange : It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses :
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a loosness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.



Non omne, quod hic miscet, aurum est

V.

PROVERBS 23. 5:

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?
for riches make themselves wings, they flie
away as an Eagle.*

I

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth thou boasts; false world thou ly'st.

2

Thy babling tongue tels golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easie sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her;
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas, fond world thou boasts; false world thou ly'st.

What

3

What well-advised ear regards
 What earth can say?
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay;
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
 Thou canst not play:
 Thy game at weakeſt ſtill thou vy'ſt;
 If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt;
 Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt: falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy tinſil boſome ſeems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treaſure,
 A Paradife, that has no ſtint,
 No change, no meaſure;
 A painted caſk, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:
 Vain earth! that falſely thus comply'ſt
 With man: Vain man! that thus rely'ſt
 On earth: Vain man, thou dot'ſt: Vain earth, thou ly'ſt.

5

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
 To haberdafh
 In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
 Is dross and traſh?
 The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
 Is but a flaſh?
 Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
 Us mortals with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
 Can theſe bring cordial peace? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

*This world is deceitful : Her end is doubtful ; Her conclusion
is horrible ; her Judge is terrible ; And her punishment is into-
lerable.*

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

*The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruit-
less labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour : Her beginning
is without providence, and her end not without repentance.*

EPIG. 5.

*World, th' art a traytour ; thou hast stamp't thy base
And chymick metal with great Caesar's face ;
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price ; how justly drawn and quarter'd !*

VI.



Sic decipit orbis.

Let

v

B

Notr

Ho

Decei

This

No

Her v

Th

But p

Were

Na

Such

A v

The j

VI.

JOB 15. 31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity, for
vanity shall be his recompense.*

I

Believe her not : Her glass diffuses
False portraitures : thou canst espie
No true reflection : She abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholders eye ;
Her Chrystall's falsly steel'd : It scatters
Deceitful beams. Believe her not, she flatters.

2

This flaring mirrour represents
No right proportion, hiew, or feature :
Her very looks are complements ;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater :
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy course complexion.

3

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defin'd,
A very fragment of a man ;
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove-slain* tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

4

Had surfets, or th' ungracious Starr
 Conspir'd to make one common place
 Of all deformities that are
 Within the volume of thy face,
 She'd lend thee favour should out-move
 The Troy-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
 As *Lazarus* or afflicted *Job's* :
 She'd change thy wants to seeming store,
 And turn thy rags to purple robes ;
 She'd make thy hide-bound flank appear
 As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6

Look off; let not thy Opticks be
 Abus'd ; thou seest not what thou should'st :
 Thy self's the Object thou should'st see,
 But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
 And shadows thrive the more in stature,
 The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
 The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger :
 But when they glance their fair aspect,
 The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer ;
 And when their lamp begins to fall,
 Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
 Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat ;
 As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
 Our self-esteemes grow less or great.
 The least is greatest ; and who shall
 Appear the greatest are the least of all.

HUGO

HUGO lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First thou must see the visible things of thy self, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thy self.



EPIG. 6.

*Be not deceiv'd great fool: There is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is heav'ns Master-piece: If it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear;*

VII.



hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

*I have set before thee life and death, blessing
and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou
and thy seed may live.*

I

THe world's a Floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her soyl;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their loss-ful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2

This furnish'd Ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joyes; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maist thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

Come then my soul, approach this royal Burse;
Come then my soul, approach this royal Burse,;
And see what wares our great Exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that shall make a firm divorce
No Betwixt thy wants and thee; if want complains;
No need to sit in council with thy purse;
Here's nothing good shall cost more price then pain:
But O my soul take heed, if thou rely
Too bl Upon thy faithless Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blinde a bargain: know, fools onely trade by th

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless brain;
So But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So course a purchase; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain;
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires
The Thou art Heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace;
And wisdom bless thy souls unblemish'd waies,
No matter then, how short or long's the lease;
N Whose date determines thy self-numbred daies:
No need to care, for wealths or fames increase,
Nor Mars his Palm, nor high Apollo's Bayes.
Lord, if thy gracious bountie please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that will

S. AUGUSTIN
S. AUGUSTIN

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation then in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition then expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delights in spiritual things, he is suted with Angels,

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a childe? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a childe, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul thou savour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.



Hæc arumant pueros cymbala; at illa viat.

will. marshall. sculpsit.

The
o

Venu
Ven.

Will
Pleas
Wha
To m
Will
Thus
Com
Wha
Peac
Had
Com
Thy
Hus
Of h
Thin
Wha
Look
See h
To p
An h

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 13. 19.

*They minde earthly things, but our conversati-
on is in Heaven.*

Venus.

Div. Cupid

Ven. **W**Hat means this peevish brat? Whish lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurses breast nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make such whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? come, come, this pettish brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come bus and friends, my lamb; whish lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears;
Come smile upon me: Let thy mother spie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband these guiltless drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whish lullaby;
What ails my babe, my sweet-fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
 As *Pelops* shoulder, or my milk-white pair :
 Here's right the father's smile ; when *Mars* beguil'd
 Sick *Venus* of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike ; thy base-bred boy
 And his base fire had both one cause, a toy :
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree :
 Thy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee :
 False Queen of beauty, Queen of false delights,
 Thy knee presents an Embleme, that invites
 Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
 (Ov'r-whelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
 Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay,
 The dull-brow'd Pander of despair, laies by
 His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
 With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
 Makes proper objects of mans childish mirth.
 These be the coyn that pass, the sweets that please ;
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these :
 These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,
 And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter ;
 Whilst Heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;
 Their strings are harsh and their high strains unheard :
 The plough mans whistle or the trivial flute
 Finde more respect then great *Apollo's* lute :
 We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joyes ;
 Let swine love husks, and children whine for toyes.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being not possessed thereof) none can take from thee: whereunto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, and glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable. bitter. all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth. Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish Cupid, peace: I thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry
But are thy peerish wranglings that appear'd:
Well mayst thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd
Well mayst thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

IX.



Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

ISAIAH 10. 3.

*What will you do in the day of your visitation?
to whom will ye flie for help? and where
will you leave your glory?*

1

Is this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whim'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (Kings?)
The blundering souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd then *Jove*?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where 's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd
The world? And locks, that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd gold?
No,

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean spite,
 No, ne harm below, nor pow'r above;
 Neither Circes spell, nor Stygian sp'rit,
 'Twasthus transform'd our God of Love;
 That as owl-ey'd Lust (more potent far then they)
 'Whose eyes and actions hate the day: on they
 Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.
 Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

5

Now the latter Trumpets dreadful blast
 See bright'st stout Mars his trembling son!
 Aston he startles! how he stands agast,
 See, he crumbles from his melting Throne!
 And lo, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
 He swe'l't ring clouds, whilst Hear'n appears
 A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.
 A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6

That's that day, whose oft report hath worn
 This blessed tongues of Prophets bare; worn
 The Neglectful subject of the worldlings scorn,
 The summe of men and Angels pray'r: on,
 This, this the day, whose All-discerning light
 Transacks the secret dens of night, bring light
 And sever good from bad; true joyes from false delight.
 And sever good from bad; true joyes from false delight.

7

You growling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
 You might nevr' shie his golden ray; shie his golden ray
 When your actions in Cimmerian shades,
 That howe your eyes endure this day? shades,
 How will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
 Here be no caves, no corners there, not hear;
 To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from fear.
 To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from fear.

HUGO.
 HUGO.

Wha
 Thy
 Perp
 To w

HUGO.

O the extreme loathsomness of fleshly lust, which not onely ef-
feminates the minde, but enervates the body; which not onely distat-
neth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury
and wantonness; it is accompanied with filthiness and unclea-
nness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? Sweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy bastard-treasure;
Thy boasted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, To wit, to woe.

X.



Tinnit : inane est.

X.

N A H U M 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

I

SHe's empty: hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy eare;
 Thy vain enquiry can at length but finde
 A blast of murm'ring winde:
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair;
 But meere ly tynn'd with air;
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
 The soul that vainly sounds
 Her joyes upon this world but feeds on empty sounds.

2

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't,
 The spark-ingend'ring flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
 Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
 E're this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth'fac'd calms of rest:
 Thou mayst as well expect Meridian light
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,
 As in this empty world to finde a full delight.

She's

3

She's empty : hark, she sounds ; 'tis void and vast ;
 What if some flatt'ring blast
 Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?
 It is but winde, and blows but where it list,
 And vanishes like a mist :
 Poor honour earth can give ! What gen'rous minde
 Would be so base to binde
 Her Heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of winde !

4

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 't is but a ball
 For fools to play withall :
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lin'd with filken trouble :
 It is a world, whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
 A Hag, repair'd with vice-complexion paint,
 A quest-house of complaint :
 It is a faint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a faint.

5

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis vain and void.
 What's here to be enjoy'd
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow ?
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
 Reviv'd with living death ?
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Then what dull flesh propounds :
 Trust not this hollow world, she's empty : hark, she sounds

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb. *glory and*

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn ~~glory~~ *glory*, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be ~~conqueror~~ *conqueror*; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt finde Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi. *beauty to the*

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither ~~beauty~~ *beauty* to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

EPIG. 10.

This House is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her Income tears: e known,
Stupid, it has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let; or let alone.

XI.



Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

1600 - Marshall. sculpsit.

*Nas
f*

*PR
T*

*Thy
Make*

My fl

And

'Tis t

And

Who

The c

'Tis t

And

The

The

Thin

With

Thin

High

Soft

Are p

Or c

Like

The

In sp

XI.

MATTHEW. 7. 14.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and
few there be that finde it.*

Prepost'rous fool, thou troult' it amiss;
Thou err'it; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near then I;
My floor is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious rubs then thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and strait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whose ranckling pricks are sharp and fell;
The common way to Heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is short and fair,
And free of rubs: Ah, fool, beware;
The safest road's not alwaies ev'n;
The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n.
Think'st thou, the Crown of Glory's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'st thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and shadow-shortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones, and beds of down,
Are proper Prologues to a Crown?
Or canst thou hope to come and view,
Like prosperous *Cæsar*, and subdue?
The bondslave Usurer will trudge
In spite of Gouts, will turn a drudge;

And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widows curse :
And shall the crown of glory stand
Not worth the waving of an hand ?
The fleshly wanton to obtain
His minute-lust, will count it gain
To loose his freedom, his estate,
Upon so dear, so sweet a rate ;
Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper then a lust ?
The true-bred Spark, to hoise his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a floud
That's rais'd with brakish drops and bloud :
And shall the promis'd Crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a strife ?
An easie good brings easie gains ;
But things of price are bought with pains :
The pleasing way is not the right :
He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. II.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues where I smell no sweat.

H 2

XII.



In cruce fiat securus amor.

XII.

GALATIANS 6. 14.

*God forbid that I should glory, save in the
Cross.*

I

Can nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections finde out nothing best?
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of rest
Receive my restless Dove?
Is there no good, then which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joyes that never change; with joyes that nev'r expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charme my sullen breast;
And who more brisk then I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vanish'd like a shade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro
 With ev'ry blast of passion :
 Her lustfull streams, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of mans vexation :
 They alter daily, and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration :
 The earth 's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure;
 Her precious wine is pleasure;
 Her yeast is honours puff; her lees are worldly treasure.

4

My trust is in the Crosse : let beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton fail ;
 Let count'nance-gilding Honour cease to brag
 In courtly terms, and vail ;
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
 Her base though golden tail ;
 False beauties conquest is but real loss,
 And wealth but golden dross ;
 Best Honour's but a blast : my trust is in the Crosse.

5

My trust is in the Crosse : There lies my rest ;
 My fast, my sole delight :
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East
 Blow till they burst with spight :
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And joyn their twisted might :
 Let showrs of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
 And troops of fiends surround me,
 All this may well confront; all this shall nev'r confound me.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's Cross is the Chriscross of all our happines: It delivers us from all blindenes of errour, and enriches our darknes with light; It restoreth the troubled soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to Gods acquaintance; It maketh remote forreigners near neighbours; It cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in. Ser. de resur.

We finde glory in the Cross; to us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fullnes of all virtues.



EPIG. 12.

*I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsooke
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.*

H 4

XIII.



Post Crünera Diemon

XIII.

PROVERBS 26. II.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art;
I yield, I yield; the day, the Palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy shaft's more fierce then mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed:
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
But must I die? Ah me! If that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure:
But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Discharg'd perchance with greater ease then made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more then all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkness, bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse then Titian pains.

Farewell

Farewell my vain, farewell my loose delights ;
Farewell my rambling daies, my rev'ling nights ;
'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found
My soul advantage, gave my soul the wound :
Farewell my bullion gods, whose sovereign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks :
Go, seek another slave ; ye must all go ;
I cannot serve my God and Bullion too.
Farewell false honour ; you, whose airy wings
Did mount my soul above the thrones of Kings ;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain,
Nipt my green buds ; then kick'd me down again :
Farewell my bow ; farewell my Cyprian Quiver ;
Farewell dear world, farewell dear world for ever.
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! How jump they meet
The grasping soul ! and with their sprightly fire,
Revive, and raise, and rowze the rapt desire !
For ever ? O, to part so long ? what ? never
Meet more ? another year, and then for ever :
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ;
What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long ?
Things to be done, are long to be debated ;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUG. lib. de util. agen. poen.

Go up my soul into the tribunal of thy Conscience ; there set thy guilty self before thy self ; Hide not thy self behinde thy self, lest God bring thee forth before thy self.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that washing where the next sin defileth : He hath ill repented whose sins are repeated : that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

EPIG. 13.

*Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend : O how has it deceiv'd thee !
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.*

XIV.



Quod lapsus foris actus.

XIV.

PROVERBS 24. 16.

A just man falleth seven times and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

I

TIs but a foyle at best, and that's the most
 Your skill can boast :
 My slipp'ry footing fail'd me ; and you tript
 Just as I slipt :
 My wanton weakness did her self betray
 With too much play :
 I was too bold : He never yet stood sure :
 That stands secure :
 Who ever trusted to his native strength,
 But fell at length ?
 The title's craz'd, the Tenure is not good,
 That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2

Boast not thy skill ; the righteous man falls oft,
 Yet falls but soft :
 There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
 To crush his bones :
 What if he staggers ? Nay, put case he be
 Foyle'd one his knee ;
 That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
 For mercy too.
 The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then,
 Falls to't agen ;
 Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
 And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boast

3

Boast not thy Conquest ; thou that ev'ry hour
 Fall'st ten times lower,
 Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
 To fall more base :
 Thou wallow'st where I slip ; and thou dost tumble,
 Where I but stumble :
 Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty badges,
 And fall'st for wages :
 Sowr grief and sad repentance scowrs and clears
 My stains with tears :
 Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure ;
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
 We call a Man !
 What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
 Of his desire !
 How slight and short are his resolves at longest
 How weak at strongest !
 O if a sinner held by that fast hand,
 Can hardly stand,
 Good God ! In what a desp'rate case are they !
 That have no stay !
 Mans state implies a necessary curse ;
 When not himself, he's mad ; when most himself, he's worse.

S. AMBRO

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall then before he fell. Insomuch that he found more grace then he lost grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected: It is no danger for a souldier to receive a wound in batel, but after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded Champions wear the Palm at last, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost alwaies do:
Brag not too soon: has thy prevailing hand
Foild him? Ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

XV.



Patet æther; claudite cœli.

*I wi
sh*

*SO, n
Are
The he
Now fi
It lives
It neith
Like as
That be
Makes
Walks
At leng
His side
Where
Is text
Thus p
A fore
Ev'n so
From c
From Ju
From o
At leng
Of his
And la
From si*

XV.

J E R E M I A H 32. 40.

*I will put my fear in their hearts, that they
shall not depart from me.*

SO, now the soul's sublim'd : her sowre desires
Are recal'cin'd in heav'ns well-tempredd fires :
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature
Now finds the freedome of a new-born creature
It lives another life, it breaths new breath ;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views his own ?
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer ; and at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world like *Cæsar*,
At length by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is texted in a manuscript of bloud :
Thus past from town to town, until he come
A sore repentant to his native home :
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrol'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And lash'd from sins to sighs ; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees,

From bended knees, to a true penfive breast ;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns ; (and from his sinful self exil'd)
Findes a glad father, he a welcome childe :
O then it lives ; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures ; pants to be dissolv'd :
The royal Of-spring of a second Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the doors to earth ;
If love-sick *Jove* commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quickned *Danae's* lap :
Or dogs (far kinder then their purple master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster.
If earth (Heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray ;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay :
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But like the jet unrubb'd, disdains that straw :
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it ;
No grief disturbs it ; and no error guides it ;
No fear distracts it ; and no rage inflames it ;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it ;
No sloth besots it ; and no lust enthrals it ;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion gawls it :
It is a cark'net of immortal life ;
An Ark of peace ; the lists of sacred strife ;
A purer piece of endless transitory ;
A shrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory :
A Heav'n-born Of-spring of a new-born birth ;
An earthly Heav'n ; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. de spir. & anima.

*O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjects,
where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where
perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion
projecteth, where charity connecteth.*

S. GREG.

*Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully) it
shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in
those very things we shall finde God : It shall finde the heat of his
power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things
be was most cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by those
things it is raised, converted.*

EPIG. 15.

*My heart ! but wherefore do I call thee so ?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago :
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine ;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.*



*Lord all my desire is before thee, and my
grieving is not hid from thee: Psa : 38.*

TH

ALL
And
The wor
Th' impe
No want
With fall
Can view
On glitt
Whose so
The loose
And ye
Would fe
Which (l
Of Venus
You chat
With gre
In your o
Where ne
Hall wou
Where ne
Her doub
In flames
Shake har
Her joyes
Upon her
In wealth

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
 And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
 The worlds base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
 Th' imperious yoke of Satan ; whose chaste ear
 No wanton songs of Syrens can surprize
 With false delight ; whose more then Eagle-eyes
 Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
 On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze ;
 Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
 The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh :
 And you whose am'rous, whose select desires
 Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
 Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light
 Of *Venus* starr, and turn her day to night ;
 You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
 With greater happiness then can be found
 In your own wishes ; you that would affect
 Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
 Shall wound your tortur'd souls ; that would enjoy,
 Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
 Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
 Inflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,
 Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
 Her joyes no further then, her joyes reflect
 Upon her Makers glory : if thou swim
 In wealth, see him in all ; see all in him :

Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent ?
See him in want ; enjoy him in content :
Conceiv'st him lodg'd in Cross, or lost in pain ?
In Pray'r and Patience finde him out again :
Make Heav'n thy Mistress, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart ; be fond ; be sick of love :
What if he stop his ear, or knit his brow ?
At length he'll be as fond, as sick as thou :
Dart up thy soul in groans : Thy secret groan
Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone :
Dart up thy soul in voves : Thy sacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone shall know :
Dart up thy soul in sighs : Thy whisp'ring sigh
Shall rouse his ears, and fear no listner nigh :
Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet vow ;
There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and thou :
Groans fresh'd with voves, and voves made salt with tears,
Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears :
Shoot up the bosome-shafts of thy desire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire.
And they will hit : Fear not, where Heav'n bids come :
Heav'ns never deaf, but when mans heart is dumb.

I.



My Soul hath desired Thee in y^e Night
W. Simpson Sc. *Fear. 10.*

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.

Good God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades: and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosome of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heav'n can set and rise;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Nights bashful Empress, though she often wain,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah, my Sun deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkness is perpetual night,
Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes;
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Flouds, and Autumns have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the swings
Of Chance and Time, still tiding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to finde a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires?

Like

Like as the haggard, cloyster'd in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch ; from stock to ground :
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove befeath'erd Prison, till at length,
(Calling her noble birth to minde, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her dangling jesses, strives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate :
Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Errour, which invites
My cloyst'red thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that onely art
The Sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These duskie clouds that make so dark a night :
Shine forth great Glory, shine ; that I may see
Both how to loath my self, and honour Thee :
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye :
If I must want those Beams I wish, yet grant,
That I, at least, may wish those Beams I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great and dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the sun of Justice, and the Light of Truth: I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness: I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: But Lord thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. I.

My soul, chear up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue:
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.



Lord Thou knowest my Foolishnesse
 & my Sins are not hid from Thee Ps.
W. Basse 1592

S
 O
 Th
 Ca
 Ca
 Th
 Re
 Fal
 Of
 Of
 Our
 We
 For
 We
 Desp
 Aym
 In hi
 Or w
 With
 Wou
 His p
 Fond
 The e

II.

PSALM 69. 3.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my
sinnes are not hid from thee,*

SEest thou this fulsome Ideot? In what measure
He seems transported with the antick pleasure
Of childish baubles? canst thou but admire
The empty fulness of his vain desire?
Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools are thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our traffick, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care:
We toyl for trash, we barter solid joyes
For airy trifles; sell our Heav'n for toyes:
We snatch at barly grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools are thou and I.
Aym'st thou at honour? does not th' Ideot shake it
In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:
Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee
With a full basket; if such wealth contents thee:
Would'st thou take pleasure? if the fool unstride
His prancing Stallion, thou mayst up and ride:
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords such fools as dote upon her;

Such

Such is the game whereat earths ideots fly ;
Such ideots, ah, such fools are thou and I :
Had rebell-mans fool-hardinesse extended
No farther then himselfe, and there had ended,
It had been iust ; but, thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th'eernal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
Of his indulgent Father ; to arrest
His great and sacred Person ; in disgrace,
To spit and spawl upon his Sun-bright face ;
To taunt him with base terms ; and being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides ; to wound
His head with thorns ; his heart with humane fears ;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears :
And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt bloud, is more then most extreme :
Great builder of mankinde, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work ? O, canst thou choose but see,
That mad't the eye ? can ought be hid from thee ?
Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt ;
Thou seest not what thou maist, but what thou wilt :
The hand that form'd us, is enforc'd to be
A Screen set up betwixt thy work and thee :
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou shalt spie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye ;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that Passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the scarre ; that scarre will countermand
Thy wrath : O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

*Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things;
they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are onely most mi-
serable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their
fancy, till they be delivered from the folly.*

S. GREG. in Mor.

*By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we
strive to seem outwardly wise.*

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Control'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Sonne?
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood, has sav'd thee,

III.



Haue mercy on me o Lord for I am weak
 O L.^d heale me for my bones are vexed ps: 62

Ha
 So
 Je
 That
 Je
 Like
 So
 To li
 Je
 I can
 To fin
 From
 T'ave
 But st
 My m
 And w
 Jes.
 So.
 Jes.
 Seu
 Jes.
 Thy pu

III.

P S A L M. 6. 2.

*Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O
Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.*

Soul.

Jesus.

Soul. **A**H, Son of David, help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I.

Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.

Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like household children with the childrens bread.

Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbes: O Son of David, help.

Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry;
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly

To finde some ease; I turn my blubber'd face

From man to man; I roll from place to place,

I avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,

But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:

My midnight torments call the sluggish light,

And when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires. (*fires.*

So. Quench, quench my flames, & swage these scorching

Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?

Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbeliet.

Jes. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try

Thy pulse, where chiefly doth thy torment lie?

om head to foot ; it reigns in ev'ry part,
yes the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Canst thou digest ? Canst relish wholesom food ?
ow stands thy tast ? *Soul.* To nothing that is good :
All sinful trash, and earths unsav'ry stuff
I can digest and relish well enough.

Jes. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns ?

Soul. Cold to what's good ; to what is bad it burns.

Jes. How old's thy grief ? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis Epidemical :
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver : 'Tis a fever strong,
And full of death, unless, with present speed,
A vein be op'ned ; thou must die or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent : that lance that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withall :
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, then (being spent so far) to bleed :
I faint already : If I bleed, I die.

Jes. 'Tis either thou must bleed, sick soul, or I :
My blood's a cordial. He, that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Then these : cheer up ; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief ; my heart shall bleed for thine :
Believe and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUG. lib. 10. Confess.

Lord, be merciful unto me: Ah me! Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O Wisdome, with how sweet an art doth thy wine and oyle restore health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me.

EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a Doctor by?
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor die!
Strange kinde of grief, that findes no med'cine good
To steepe her pains, but the Physicians blood!

K 2

IV.



Look's vpon my Affliction & mi-
sery & forgive mee all my Sinnes

IV.

P S A L. 25. 18.

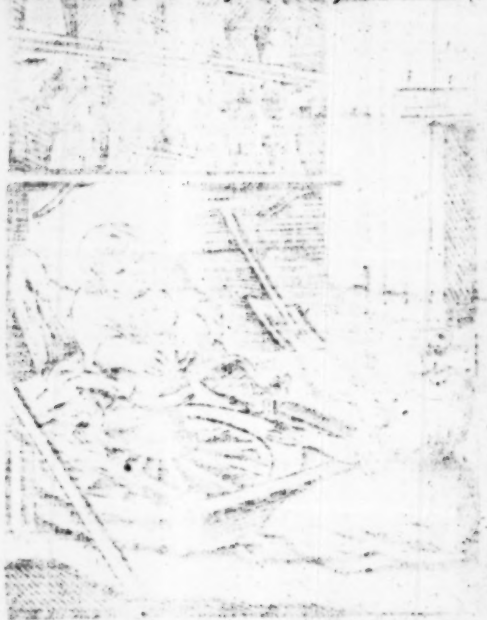
*Look upon my affliction and my pain, and
forgive all my sins.*

BOth work and strokes? Both, lash and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Ashur do?
Stripes, after Stripes; and blows succeeding blows?
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? My pains no ease? No intermission?
Is this the state? Is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee? will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favours? None but these?
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toylsome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My sin without the addition of a scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
Sad showers of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:
Behold these ridges; see what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon those sorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood?
Canst thou forget that drowsie mount wherein
Thy dull Disciples sleep, was not my sin
There punish'd in my soul? did not this brow
Then sweat in thine? Were not those drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that spring tide
O'erflow'd thy sovereign Sacramental side.

There was no sin, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bledst for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
The mouth of Justice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Justice challenge more?
Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy losses from my sides? My blood is thin,
And thy free bounty scorns such easie thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.
But must I ever grind? And must I earn
Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disalter
The rest thou gav'st? Hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on *Adam's* fall, and made it worse?
Canst thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
I am but dying dust: my day's a span;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:
Send fewer stroaks, or lend more strength to bear.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miserable man ! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage ? I am a miserable man, but a free man ; free, because a man ; miserable, because a servant : In regard of my bondage, miserable ; in regard of my will, inexcusable : For my will, that was free, beslaved it self to sin, by assenting to sin ; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.



EPIG. 4.

Taxe not thy God : thine own defaults did urge
This twofold punishment ; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self tormenting :
Thou grind'st for sinning ; scourg'd for not repenting.

V.



Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast
made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring
me into dust againe: Job. 10. 9. will simp: eu.

V.

JOB 10. 9.

*Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made
me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to dust
again?*

THus from the bosome of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
The Plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
One was their fire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
The elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arraid;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him and in growth,
The three ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth: what art thou more in being man
I but my great Creatour did inspire
My chosen earth with that diviner fire
Of reason; gave me judgment and a will;
That to know good; this to choose good from ill:
He put the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And jurisdiction over sea and land:
He gave me art to lengthen out my span
Of life, and made me all, in being man:

I, but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason :
Thy judgement is corrupt, perverse thy will ;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill :
The greater height sends down the deeper fall ;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man ?
O but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
Borne up by th' Image of her high Creatour ;
Outbraves the life of reason, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My earth's a living Temple t' entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorious train :
How can I mend my title then ? where can
Ambition finde a higher style then man ?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and soil'd ;
Her Temple's raz'd : her Altars all defil'd ;
Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
With lothed lust, her ornaments prophan'd ;
Her oyl-forsaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out ; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours :
Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?
Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
My course foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak ;
Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break ;
Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oake ?
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke :
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 31.

Shall I ask who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee O my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, puffed up with fame and purse?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse:
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return,
And art but earth cast from the womb to th' urn.

VI.



*What shall I do vnto thee, O thou =
preserver of men: why hast thou set
mee as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20*

VI.

JOB 7. 20.

I have sinned ; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men ?- why hast thou set me as a mark against thee ?

Lord, I have done ; and, Lord, I have misdone ;
L'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
That is too strong ; 'tis folly to assail
Or prove an arm, that will, that must prevail.
I've done, I've done ; these trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down : the day's thine own ;
Forbear to strike where thou hast won the field.
The palm, the palm is thine : I yield, I yield.
These treach'rous hands that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand ; that knee that bended
Upon her guardless guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor ; See both are bent,
And sue for pity : O my ragged wound
Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears : It doth begin
To stinck without, and putrifie within :
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears :
Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,
What shall I do ? what satisfaction can

Poor dust and ashes make ? O if that blood
That yet remains unshed were half as good
As blood of oxen, if my death might be
An offering to at one my God and me,
I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life ? or balanc'd with the blood of man ?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon :
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay ;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption bindes ;
Thy justice cannot lose what mercie findes :
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
Her frowns (half mixt with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so ;
Where if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-checks ; her babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses :
I am that childe ; lo here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy ; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon : let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears :
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear :
Then calm thy anger, and appear more milde :
Remember, th' art a father, I a childe.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in: Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of
this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man:
Free, because like to God; miserable, because against God: O
keeper of mankinde, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee?
Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindred me: It is just that
thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee,
should repugne me: I who am against thee, am against my self.



EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebel?
How small a blast will make a bubble swell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.

VII.



Wherefore hidest thou thy face, &
holdest mee for thine Enemy. Job: 33. 24
W.S.C.

Where
for

W
The S

Witho
Thou
I live,

Thou
My life
Witho

My Li
Mine
My G

Thou
Thou
Thou

Mine
To w
Bat

VII.

JOB. XIII. XXIV.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me
for thine enemy?*

Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long, deny
The Sun-shine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by the beams I see.

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not but stray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot see;
To whom, or whither should my darkness flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

L

My

My path is lost ; my wandring steps do stray ;
I cannot safely go nor safely stay ?
Whom should I seek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way* ?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair ? to whom shall my sad ashes fly
But *Life* ? And where is *Life* but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me ;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me ;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'st me ?

Unscreen those Heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face ? perhaps thou think'st, no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigher ;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is *Phœnix*-like to perish in that fire.

Death conquer'd *Lazarus* was redeem'd by thee ;
If I am dead, Lord set deaths prisoner free ;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse then he ?

If my puff light be out, give leave to time
My flameless snuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine ;
O what's thy *Light* the less for lightning mine ?

If I have lost my *Path* great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
Lord, shall a Lamb of *Isr'els* sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path* the blind mans *Eye* ;
The dead mans *Life* ; on thee my hopes rely ;
If thou remove, I erre ; I grope ; I die.

Disclose thy Sunbeams ; close thy wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire; thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou maist teach me to importune; seem'st not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.

VIII.



O that my Head were waters, and
mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Jer. 9. 1.

Will. Marshall. Sculpit.

VIII.

J E R. IX. I.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transform
Their drops to seas ! my sighs into a storme
Of Zeal, and sacred Violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sudden shipwrack, and be split
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd soul may sit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous passion ; O, and there
Drop, drop into an everlasting tear !
Ah me ! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
Through this vast isle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackish tears, instead of bloud, and swell
This fella with holy Dropsies, from whose Well,
Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in streams, and reek to death !
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too streight for those quick springs that rise
And hourly fill my Temples to the top ;
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop :
Great builder of mankind, why hast thou sent,
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent ?

O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
Instead of earth ; and bones of ice, that so,
Feeling the Fervor of my sin ; and lothing
The fire I feel I might be thaw'd to nothing !
O thou, that didst, with hopful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, brought't forth a Son,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done ?
What was there ? Ah ! what was there in my birth
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?
A man was born : Alas and what's a man ?
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
Of sitting time ; a furnish'd Pack, whose wares
Are sullen Grievs, and soul-tormenting Cares :
A vale of tears ; a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broacht, to be drawn out by death :
A hapless, helpless thing ; that, born does cry
To feed ; that feeds to live ; that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whose eye, spent drops so often
For me, that cannot weep enough ; O soften
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock ;
Or, if the musick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears :
I cannot weep untill thou broach mine eye ;
Or give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. AMBROS. in Psal. 118.

He that commits sinnes to be wept for, cannot weep for sinnes committed: And being himself most lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of sin, and the Worlds sacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Esaïam.

Prayer appeases God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this constrains him.

EPIG. 8.

*Earth is an Island ported round with Fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears.
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wrack of many a ship, but no man drown'd.*

L 4

IX.



*The sorrows of hell haue encompassed me
the snares of death haue overtaken me. psal: 17*

IX.

P S A L M XVIII. V.

*The sorrowes of hell compassed me about, and
the snares of death prevented me.*

Is not this Type well cut ? in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning ? fil'd with Zeuxian Art ?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Linn'd full to th' life ? Didst ever hear the sounds,
The musick, and the lip-divided breaths
Of the strong-winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact ? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow ?
The lawless PurIEWS ? and the Game they follow ?
The hidden Engines ? and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye ?
The new-drawn net ? and her entangled Prey ?
And him that closes it ? Beholder, say,
Is't not well done ? seems not an en'ious strife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life ?
These PurIEW men are Devils ; and the hounds,
(Those quick-nos'd Canibals that scour the grounds)
Temptations ; and the Game these Fiends pursue,
Are humane souls, which still they have in view ;
Whose fury if they chance to scape, by flying,
The skilful Hunter plants his net, close lying

On

On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure;
Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drawn, the soul's ensnar'd.
Poor soul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay: these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If goe; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r to invite thee
A willing Guest? wherein can earth delight thee?
Here pleasures are but itch; Her wealth, but Cares;
A world of dangers and a world of snares:
The close pursuers busie hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; Snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares arround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy dyet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves; Snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness; Snares are in thy death:
O, if these purliewes be so full of danger,
Great God of Hearts, the worlds sole sov'raign Ranger,
Preserve thy Deere, and let my soul be blest
In thy safe Forrest, where I seek for rest:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar; I fear no ill;
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the snares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

whilest thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he sets before us Gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labour sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting anger; in honour, pride; in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions evil workes; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, in filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

*Be sad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth;
Thy soul's way-laid by Sea; by Hell; by Earth;
Hell has her hounds, Earth, snares; the Sea, a shelf;
But most of all, my heart, beware thy self,*

X.



Enter not into iudgment with thy
 seruant for no man liuing shall be
 iustified in thy sight Will. j. m. p. son

X.

PSALM. CXLIII. II.

*Enter not into judgement with thy servant, for
in thy sight shall no man living be justified.*

Jesus: *Justice.* *Sinner:*
Jes. **B**Ring forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done, just Judge; See here the pris'ner stands.

Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broken the lawes
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majestie that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confessi-
His sinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud; *(con:*
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.

Jes. What sayst thou sinner? hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Then mine own conscience; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more then dust, and no whit less

Then

Then my indictment styles me; Ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a Brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgreit thy lawes;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. Lord shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay;
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of my self abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stamp't with thy glorious image, and at first,
Most like too thee, though now a poor accurst
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Jus.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay,
Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing more to say?

Sin. Nothing but Mercy, Mercy; Lord my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce my self, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jesus*; from thy self, to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch; Me thinks, I spie
My fathers image in the pris'ners eye.

Just. I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my sides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart; my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to set th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damne me; thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me: Remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: Forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against thee: My flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.



EPIG. 10.

Mercie of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.



*Let not the water-flood overflow me,
neither let the deepe swallow me vp:
Ps: 69. 15. Will: Simpson sculpsit*

XV.

PSALM 69. 15.

*Let not the water-floud overflow me, neither
let the deeps swallow me up.*

THe world's a Sea ; my flesh a Ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reasons hand :
My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sails ;
My loose Affections are the greater Sails :
The Top-sail is my Fancie, and the Gusts
That fill these wanton sheets are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slip'd but in our fears :
My will's th' unconstant Pilot, that commands
The stagging Keel ; my Sins are like the Sands :
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry :
My Conscience is the Plummert that doth press
The deeps, but seldom cries, *A fathom less* :
Smooth Calm's security ; the Gulf, despair ;
My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair :
My Soul's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright ; her landing-Port is Heaven.
My Seas are stormy, and my Ship doth leak ;
My Sailers rude ; my Steers-man faint and weak :
My Canvace torn, it flaps from side to side ;
My Cable's crackt, my Anchor's slightly ty'd ;
My Pilot's craz'd, my shipwrack-Sands are cloak'd ;
My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd ;

My Calm's deceitful ; and my Gulf too near ;
My Wares are slubber'd, and my Far's to dear ;
My Plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
O shall my Rock bethreatned Soul be drown'd ?
Lord, still the Seas, and shield my Ship from harm ;
Instruct my Sailours, guide my Steersmans arm :
Touch thou my Compass, and renew my Sails
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;
Make strong my Cable ; binde my Anchor faster ;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Master ;
Object the Sands to my more serious view,
Make sound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew :
New cast my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-sands lie ;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with care ;
Cleanse thou my Fraught ; accept my slender Fare ?
Refresh the Sea-sick passenger ; cut short
His Voyage ; land him in his withed Port :
Thou, Thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That through the deep gav'st grumbling Is'el way,
Say to my Soul, be safe, and then mine eye
Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by,
O thou whose strength-reviving Arm did cherish
Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come ; the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of lusts makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the sea-faring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in a boysterous sea : Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers : Give us grace to hold a middle course betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may arrive at our Port secure.

EPIG. II.

20 My Soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts ; O keep aloof ; there's danger :
Cast forth thy plummet ; see a rock appears ;
Thy ship wants sea-room ; make it with thy tears.

XII.



O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave
 and hide me untill thy furie be past :
Job 14. W. Simpson sculp.

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

*O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that
thou wouldst keep me secret until thy wrath
be past!*

O Whither shall I flie ; what path untrod
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God ?

Where shall I sojourn ? what kinde sea will hide
My head from Thunder ? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside ?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night ?
Alas, no shades can blinde the God of Light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And finde some desert ? if she spring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul ? Can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain ?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent Desarts, nor the sullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The Seas will part ; Graves open ; Rocks will split ;
The Shield will cleave ; the frighted Shadows flit ;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-browd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee ; 'tis neither here nor there
Can scape that hand until that hand forbear ;
Ah me ! Where is he not, that's every where ?

'Tis vanity to flee ; till gentle mercy shew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenious childe, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false ;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;
Poor cots are even as safe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no safety here below ;
Thou art my Fortrefs, though thou seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.

Thou art my God ; by thee I fall or stand ;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

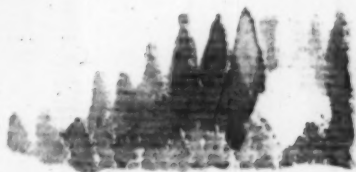
I know thy Justice is thy self ; I know,
Just God, thy very self is Mercy too ;
If not to thee, where ? Whither should I go ?

Then work thy will ? If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
Stretcht out no further then from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 33.

Whither flie I? To what place can I safely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what strong house? What Castle shall I hold? What walls shall hold me? Whithersoever I go, my self followeth me: For whatsoever thou fleest, O man, thou maist, but thy own conscience: Wheresoever O Lord I go, I finde thee; If angry, a Revenger; if appeased, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maist avoid thy God, address thee to thy Lord.



EPIG. 13.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'st thou not where to scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

XIII.



Are not my days few? Cease then, and
 let me pass my time in prayer.

And when I shall be dead, my soul
 shall praise thee, O Lord, as I have done.

XIII.

JOB 10. 20.

*Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let
me alone, that I may bewail my self a little.*

MY Glas is half unspent; Forbear t^e arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glas may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be spun,

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With Childe-hood, Man-hood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flourishing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is to morrow hay.

And

And what's a Life ? A blast sustein'd with clothing,
Maintein'd with food, retrein'd with vile self-lothing,
Then weary of it self, again'd to nothing.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winters day ; hour eats up hour ;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to four.

Behold these Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blinde too soon ;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; her's nothing worth a smile.

No, no : 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years :
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led !
That Seed has yet not broke my Serpents head ;
O shall I die before my sins are dead ?

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest
To tast the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

First, let the Jordan streams (that finde supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sinnes to be lamented ;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented :
O spare till then ; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUG. lib. de Civit. Dei Cap. 10.

*The time wherein we live is taken from the space of our life;
and what remaineth is daily made less and less, in so much that
the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.*

S. GREG. lib. 9. Cap. 44. 10. Job.

*As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away
tears; in so much that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which swal-
lowing up the minde of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the
affliction.*

EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an Arm invites thee?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins;
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

XIV.



Oh that they were wise, then they would
 Understand this; they would consider
 their latter end. Deuteronomy 32. *Præsentia*

XIV.

DEUTERONOMY 32. 29.

that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh.

Spirit.

WHat means my sisters eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that Optick glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the objects near.
What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that Glass present before thine eye?
I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!
And is this all? doth thy Prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?
Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.

Look

Look, sister, how the queazy-stomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scall'd their consumeless bodies, strongly curling
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.

Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? these are shows t' affright:
Look in this glasse triangular; look here,
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?

Fl. The world in colours, colours that distain
The cheeks of *Proieus*, or the silken train
Of *Flora's* Nymphs; such various sorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautifie a town,
Thou maist; or with a hand, turn 't upside down;
Here maist thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here maist thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.

Sp. Ah fool! that dot'st on vain, on present toys,
And disrespect'st those true, those future joyes!
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that perish with thy glasse!
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to besot thee:
Foresight of future torments is the way
To baulk those ills which present joyes bewray
As thou hast fool'd thy self, so now come hither,
Break that fond glasse, and let's be wise together.

S. BONAVENTURA

BONAVENT. de contemptu seculi.

O that men would be wise, understand, and fore'see: Be wise, to know three things: The multitude of those that are to be damned: the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: Understand three things, the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: Fore-see three things, the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Master in Faith? Still batchelour of Sense?
Is't insufficiency? Or what has made thee
Orellip thy lost degree? thy lusts have staid thee.

XV.



*My life is spent with grief, & my yeeres
with Sighing. Ps: 30: 10. W.M. sculp.*

XV.

P S A L M. 30. 10.

*My life is spent with grief, and my years with
sighing.*

W^hat sullen Starr rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my daies one hour of Mirth:
How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain
The slender alms of one poor smile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For lingring twilight, glutted with the shade?
Day worse then night, night worse then day appears,
In tears I spend my nights, my daies in tears:
I moan unpitt'd, groan without relief,
There is nor end nor measure of my grief.
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it growes
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span?
Or why suspended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Deni'd the easie priviledge of death?
The branded slave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome shore?
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd, his native soil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah ! my sorrows are not half so blest ;
My labour findes no point, my pains no rest :
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Sisyphæan stones :
Thou just observer of our flying hours,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings,
Doth thy glass stand ? Or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie ? If not, why dost thou spare
A willing breast ; a breast that stands so fair ?
A dying breast, that hath but onely breath
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death ?
O that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hamp'red soul ; then would my soul be blest
From all these ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest :
Till then, my daies are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be spent in tears :
My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death ;
Breath drawn in cottages, puffed out in thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of mans condition; the sinful progress of mans conversation, the damnable egress in mans dissolution: I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in sinne, born to punishment: He doth evil things, which are not lawful; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is Groans and Tears:
Plead not; usurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int^rest as the Principal.

I.



*My soule hath coveted to desire thy
judgments. psal : 119*

THE FOURTH BOOK

I.

ROMANS. 7. 23.

I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my minde, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of sin,

I

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary !
I know not where to fix ; sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;
I do, undo ; yet still do what I would not.
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppress'd
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly tost from East to West
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill :
Thus am I driven upon these slipper'y suds
From real ills to false apparent goods :
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of Ebs and Flouds.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill ;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts, shows down a cole black floud
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame:
But soon that fire is shouldred from her seat
By lustful *Cupid's* much inferiour flame:
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrell thoughts of mixt desire.
Consum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts out-pass
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, methinks I scorn the thing I was,
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my desire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring minde;
I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
My Passion's Eagle ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' Ostrich wings of my desires shall be
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
Yet grant my soul desire but of desiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgement, and wanting Divine counsel cannot subsist in it self; and whilst it divers waies seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it self; it dissenteth from it self; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgement, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de verb. Apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

EPIG. 1.

*My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy minde!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cause
Can ne'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.*

II.



*Oh that my wayes were directed to
keepe thy statutes. psal. 119. 8*

II.

P S A L M 119. 5.

*O that my wayes were directed to keep thy
Statutes!*

I

THUS I, the object of the worlds disdain,
With Pilgrime pace surround the weary earth :
lonely relish what the world counts vain ;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth ;
Her light my darkness ; and her truth my errour.
Her freedome is my jail ; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;
Thou art my prison and my home's above ;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee :
Like one that seeks a doore, I walk about thee :
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuious wayes
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders ;
No resting here ; He's hurried back that stayes
A thought ; and he that goes unguided wanders
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n ;
So hard's the way from earth ; so hard's the way to Heav'n.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier ;
Where if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where

5

Where shall I seek a Guide? where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces;
 What trusty Lantern will direct my feet
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places;
 What hopes have I to passe without a Guide;
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

6

An unrequested Star did gently slide
 Before the Wise-men to a greater Light;
 Back-sliding Isr'el found a double Guide;
 A Pillar, and a Cloud; by day, by night:
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be farr
 More great then theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Star.

7

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove
 Would cut my passage through the emptie Aire;
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger and forgotten care!
 My backward eyes should ne'r commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
 Thou art my Path; direct my steps aright;
 I have no other Light, no other Way:
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
 His Law shall be my Path; his Heav'nly Light my Clue

S. AUGUST.

Pilg
 Cro
 The
 The

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity nor death: The Light, without which there is darkness; The Way, without which there is wandering; The Truth, without which there is error; The Life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see Light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the Way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the Truth, and shun error; I shall see Life, and escape death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death: and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: What makes thy soul complain
Crownes thy complaint. The way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the farthest way about.

III.



*Stay my stepps in thy Rethes that
my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 9.*

W. M. sc.

III.

P S A L M 17. 5.

*Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do
not slide.*

I

When ere the old Exchange of profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
Ohow my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skue a thousand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God that art
The royal Mine of everlasting treasure,
The real Honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have nor wings to flie, nor legs to go.

So

5

So when the streams of swift-foot Rhene convey
Her upland riches to the Belgick shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'rie lay,
Without the blast, or tug, of wind, or oare;
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foame
With ease; so facil is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she slugs; nor sail, nor oare prevails;
The Stream is sturdy, and her Tide's extreme
Each stroke is losse, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchase is a League of pain.

7

Great All in All, that art my rest, my home;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy childe, O teach thy childe to go:
Conjoyn thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apost.

Be alwayes displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: For where thou hast pleased thy self, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: Alwayes add, alwayes walk, alwayes proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: He that standeth still, proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not alwayes got by running:
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

IV.



*My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am
afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.*

W. M. Sculp:

IV.

PSALM 119. 120.

*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am
afraid of thy judgments.*

LEt others boast of luck, and goe their waies
With their fair game; know vengeance seldome playes
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost round takes oft the doubling Hare.
The worlds great Dice are false; sometimes they goe
Extremely high, sometimes extremely low:
Of all her gamesters he that playes the least,
Lives most at ease, playes most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a servant to the Crown of fear:

Fear is the Primmer of a Gamesters skill :
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill :
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood ;
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good :
True Fear's th' *Elixir*, which in daies of old
Turn'd Leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold :
The World's the Tables ; Stakes, Eternal life ;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I ; Unequal strife !
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed Life : this Life's the Game ;
My sinnes are sev'ral Blots ; the Lookers on
Are Angels ; and in death the Game is done :
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd ; my Dice run low :
The Stakes are great ; my careless Blots are many ;
And yet thou passest by, and hitst not any :
Thou art too strong ; and I have none to guide me
With the least jog ; the lookers on deride me :
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me :
I have no more to lose ; If we persever,
'T is lost ; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater fear ;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date :
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in: Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as always to be found before God not otherwise, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for lost Grace, a greatest fear to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. Super Psalm.

Present fear begetteth Eternal securitie: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

*Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
Our finnes breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutates to perfect Good from perfect ill!*

V.



*Turne away myne eyes least thay behold
vanite . psal: 118 .*

V.

P S A L M 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

I

How like to threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires !
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires !
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn ; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire !
And how th' eternal Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire !
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and bloud !

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid agen
With griping int'rest of the next daies sorrow !
How wilde his thoughts ! How apt to range !
How apt to vary ! Apt to change !

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire !
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire ;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow, gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frowns a while?
He's torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths employment,
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hastie flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behinde the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateth both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto those blinde eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth. 19.

what is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good.



EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can passe betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.



*If I have found fauour in thy sight, let my life
be giuen mee at my petition. Ester. 7. 3*

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

*If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it
please the King, let my life be given me at
my petition.*

THou art the Great *Affuerus*, whose command
Doth stretch from Pole to Pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious *Vashti*'s the corrupted will
Which being call'd, refuses to fulfill
Thy just command: *Esther*, whose tears condole
The razed City's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maide, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial Honour in stout *Vashti*'s place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman*'s glory, is the fleshly part:
The sober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to minde
The new built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is lustful-thought-controlling chastity;
Insulting *Maman* is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till royal *Esther* plead.

Great King, my sent-for *Vashtie* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th blessed Virgins womb
Cleanse my poor *Esther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour
So scourer her captive stains, that she may prove
An holy Object of thy Heav'nly love;

Anoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces :
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal Crown upon her head :
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to spend
His spleen on *Mordecai*, that scorns to bend
The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any Lord but thee ;
If weeping *Esther* should prefer a groane
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord :
And let thy royal *Esther* be possesst
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear request :
Curb lustful *Haman* ; him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy fair Queen before thy face :
And as proud *Haman* was himself ensnar'd
On that self-gibbet, that himself prepar'd ;
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do : Counsel me, that I may love thee ; Confirm me, that I may hold thee ; Conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The spirit rusts where the flesh resteth : For as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the Spirit is refreshed with sowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit ? Then let thy spirit obey thy God : Thou must be governed, that thou mayst govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Justice is thy Kingdome built ;
This plagues my sin ; and that removes my guilt ;
When ere I sue, Absuerus-like decline
Thy Scepter ; Lord, say, Half my Kingdome's thine.

VII.



*Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into the
fields, let w remaine in y^e villager. Cant. 2*

VII.

CANTICLES 7. II.

*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields,
and let us remain in the villages.*

I

Christ.

Soul.

Chr. **C**ome, come my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Phil'mel* and the shrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lonely nest; and where the new-born bryer
Breaths forth the sweetness that her April yields:
Come, come my lovely fair, and let us trie
These rural delicacies; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world a bubble;
Our Citie-mansion is the fairest home,
But Countrey-sweets are tang'd with lesser trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double:
On thy commands depends my go or tarrie
I'll stirre with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fix'd although our pleasures varie.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-mansion (situate on high)
 With various Objects, still renews delight ;
 Her arched roof's of unstain'd Ivory :
 Her wall's of fiery-sparkling Chrysolite;
 Her pavement is of hardest Porphyry ;
 Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
 And flaming Carbuncles ; no need require
 Titan's faint rayes, or *Vulcan's* feeble fire ;
 And ev'ry Gate's a Pearl; and ev'ry Pearl, entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was ! how were my thoughts deceiv'd
 How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd !
 I took it for an Hermitage, but pay'd
 And daub'd with neigg'b'ring dirt, & thacht at best;
 Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd ;
 A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles nest:
 Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
 Neglect th' advantage of the head-strong day;
 How pleasure grates that feels the curb of dull delay.

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy ; let our divided paces
 Conduct us to our fairest territory ;
 O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces ;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion-story :
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces ;
Soul. And all those graces shall reflect thy glory :
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial Manna ;
 I'll be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
Chr. I'll sound my trump of joy. *So.* And I'll resound *Hosanna*.

S. BERN.

O blessed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed Solitude, the Magazine of celestial treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soul, thou must not onely do
With Martha; but, with Mary, ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
Not most, when Martha's reconcil'd to Mary.

VIII.



*Draw me; we will run after thee because
of the savour of thy good oylments.*

Cont: 34

Will. Simpson. sculp.

VIII.

CANTICLES I. 3.

*Draw me ; we will follow after thee by the sa-
vour of thy good Ointments.*

THus like a lump of the corrupted Mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was :
And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking *Lazurus* compound or strive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive ?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raise it, or it self restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and bloud
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the least degree.
Ah ! if but onely those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the Potter please t' inform the clay :
Or some strong hand remove the block away :
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher :
That proves a vessel, which before was mire ;
And this being hewn, may serve for better use then fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charme the fullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* must revive, and th' *Axe* must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voyce, or echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, nor dainty sweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Nor having pow'r to will nor will to rise!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inspire
My liveless will with thy regen'rate fire;
The first degree to do, is onely to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but merely to resist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list,

My Soul's a Clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust) wants vigour to fulfill
Her twelve hours task, and shew her makers skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work; and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy bloud,
And winde it up with thy soul-moving keyes,
Her busie wheels shall serve thee all her dayes;
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy praise.

S. BERN

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy Ointments, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy Ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with bloud:
If now thy wheels stand still thou art not good.

IX.



*O that thou wert as my Brother, that
Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Cant: 8.*

W. Marshall.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

*O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked
the breasts of my mother ; when I should finde
thee without, I would kiss thee.*

I

Come, come my blessed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my sacred arms ;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From *Herod's* fury, or the High-Priests harms :
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

2

But ah; what savage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Then there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Cesar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not sought to paddle
In thy dear blood ; but prostrate on the earth
Had vail'd his Crown before thy royall Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his Glory down,
And begg'd a Heav'nly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illustrious Babe ! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful ! how dost thou decline
Thy Majesty, that wert so late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine !
How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
Me with thy Spirit, and assume my flesh.

5

But must the treason of a traitours *Hail*
Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips ?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail
These Alabaster-sides with knotted whips ?
And must these smiling Roses entertain
The blows of scorn, and flurts of base disdain ?

6

Ah ! must these dainty little sprigs that twine
So fast about my neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails ? and must these brows resign
Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn ?
Ah, must this blessed Infant taste the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs ? nay worse, be slain ?

7

Sweet Babe ! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a sin ! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart ;
And ev'ry trespass sets a javelin flie ;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart :
Pardon, sweet Babe, what I have done amiss ;
And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Chap. 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so veruious: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a Virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteith not, but sanctifieth: O Jesu, the Fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me, that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: Let not *Atlas* boast:
Impartial Reader, judg which bears the most:
He bears but Heav'n; my folded arms sustain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my
 soule loueth: I sought him, but I found him not.

Cant: 3. 3.

But I found him not.

T
 By
 The
 But
 The
 The
 The
 And
 The
 One
 Per
 And
 He
 Wh
 Ob
 How
 My
 To
 (I
 Thy
 My
 How
 To

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

*In my bed by night I sought him that my soul
loveth; I sought him, but I found him
not.*

THE learned Cynick, having lost the way
To honest men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his steps about
The peopled streets to finde this dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick search'd not where he ought:
The thing he sought for was not where he sought.
The Wise-mens task seem'd harder to be done,
The Wise-men did by Starro-light seek the Sun,
And found: the Wise-men search'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to finde was where they sought.
One seeks his wishes where he should; but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
Another searches when he should; but there
He fails; not seeking as he should, nor where:
Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, must seek Where, As, and When he should.
How often have my wild affections led
My wasted soul to this my widdow'd bed,
To seek my Lover, whom my soul desires!
(I speak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I sought this bed by night,
To finde that greater by this lesser light!

How

How oft have my unwitnest groanes lamented
Thy dearest absence ! Ah how often vented
The bitter tempests of despayring breath;
And tost my soul upon the waves of death !
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears, (tears louder then a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent eare !
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not heare :
O is thy wonted love become so cold ?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should !
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?
Or finde thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?
I see my errour ; 'Tis not strange I could not
Finde out my love : I sought him where I should not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of ease ;
Alas, thy musick strikes on harder keys :
Nor art thou found by that false, feeble light
Of Natures candle ; Our Egyptian night
Is more then common darkness ; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross :
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

ANSELM

ANSELM. in Protolog. I.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent ?
If every where, why do I not see thee present ? Thou dwellest in
light inaccessible ; and where is that inaccessible light ? Or how
shall I have access to light inaccessible ? I beseech thee, Lord,
teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker ; because I
can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me, nor finde thee, un-
less thou shew thy self to me : Let me seek thee, in desiring thee,
and desire thee in seeking thee ; Let me finde thee in loving thee,
and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed ?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled :
'Tis vain to seek him there : My soul be wise ;
Go ask thy sin's ; they'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.



I will rise now & goe about the citie in the
 Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke
 him whom my Soule loveth I sought him
 but I found him not Cant. 3. 4.

I will
 bin
 I f

How v
 Wit
 What
 Sha
 C
 T
 And e

Look
 O
 For r
 Be
 At le
 Be
 Lay

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

*I will rise, and go about the City, and will seek
him that my soul loveth: I sought him, but
I found him not.*

1

How my disappointed soul's perplext!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled brest
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext
With fears! And how betwixt them both distress!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go seek the Authour of my rest?
Of what blest'd Angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire?

2

Look how the stricken Hart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds;
At length, embost, he droops, drops down and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned ears
Leave me th' unransom'd Pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my busie eyes not pry'd? O where,
 Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded:
 I search'd this glorious City; he's not here;
 I sought the Country; she stands empty-handed;
 I search'd the Court; he is a stranger there:
 I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea, he's landed:
 I climb'd the ayr, my thoughts began t'aspire;
 But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,
 Soaring too near the Sun, were findg'd with sacred fire.

4

I mov'd the Merchants eare; alas but he
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:
 I ask'd the Lawyer; he demands a fee,
 And then demurrs me with a vain delay:
 I ask'd the Schoolman; his advice was free,
 But scor'd me out too intricate a way:
 I ask'd the Watch-man (best of all the four)
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
 But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having sought, and made my great inquest
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear:
 I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest
 Was poyson'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;
 Where looking down into my troubled breast,
 The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
 Let others hunt, and shew their sportful Art;
 I wish to catch the Hare before she start,
 As Potchers use to do; Heav'ns form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS

Wha
 Rece
 It is
 Ifear

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets : For Christ is Peace, in the market are strifes : Christ is Justice, in the market is iniquity : Christ is a Labourer, in the market is idleness : Christ is Charity, in the market is slander : Christ is Faith, in the market is fraud : Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot finde Christ.

S. HIERON. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous : He will not have thy face seen : Let foolish Virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy Love at home.

EPIG. II.

*What lost thy love ? will neither bed nor board
Receive him ? Not by tears to be implor'd ?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coast ;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.*

XII.



Saw yee him whom my Soule loveth? It was
 but a little that I passed from them, but I found
 Him whom my Soule loveth, I held Him and
 would not let him goe. Cant: 3. 4. will singe solo

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3.

*Have you seen him whom my soul loveth?
When I had past a little from them, then I
found him, I took hold on him, & left him not.*

1

What secret corner? What unwonted way
Has scap'd the ranfack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought,
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion;
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compassion!
I ask'd the Citie watch, but some deny'd me
The common street, whilst others would misguide me,
Some would debar me; some, divert me; some, deride me.

3

Mark how the widow'd Turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent Love, and her; at length unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

4

So when my soul had progreſt ev'ry place,
 That love and dear affection could contrive,
 I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
 A death for him, in whom I ceaſ'd to live:
 But there injurious Hymen did preſent
 His landſkip joyes; my pickled eyes did vent
 Full ſtreams of briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whiſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
 Upon the rad' call humour of her thought,
 Ev'n whiſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
 He that was ſought, unfound, was found unfought.
 As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
 Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
 Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6

O how mine eyes now raviſhd' at the ſight
 Of my bright Sun ſhot flames of equal fire!
 Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with ov'r-delight,
 To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
 How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
 Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt—
 But who can preſs thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
 And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
 The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine
 Nev'r cling'd their leſs beloved Elm ſo faſt;
 Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd ſhot;
 Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
 Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

O R I G.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit ! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart ! How happy that trust in thee ! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and neuer forsakest those that trust in thee : For behold thy Love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee : She trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then she expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What ? found him out ? let strong embraces binde him ;
He'll flie perchance where tears can never finde him ;
New sinnes will lose what old repentance gains ;
Wisdom not onely gets, but got retains.

Q 2

XIII.



*It is good for me to draw neare to y^e Lord
 I haue put my trust in y^e Lord God.
 Ps. 73. 28.*

Will Simpson. Sculptor.

XIII.

P S A L M 72. 28.

*It is good for me to draw near to God : I have
put my trust in the Lord God.*

Where is that Good, which wise-men please to call
The chiefest ? Doth there any such befall
within mans reach ? Or is there such a Good at all ?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change ; then which there can be nothing higher :
Such Good must be the utter point of mans desire,

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend ;
Can be desired for no other end,
Then for it self, on which all other goods depend,

What may this Excellent be ? doth it subsist
A real Essence, clouded in the midst
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list ?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick soul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick dust, or puzzling Quadrature ?

Where shall I seek this ? Where shall I finde
This Cath'lick pleasure, whose extremes may binde
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate minde ?

Lies it in Treasure ? In full heaps untold ?
Doth gowty Mammons griping hand infold
This secret Saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold ?

No, no; she lies not there; wealth often sows
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae's* shows.

Lives she in honour? no. The royal Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? no. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earths uncertain stage;
Begins the Play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard-goods; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it, and please,
Like water gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes;
Alas, can earth confer more good then earth possesses?

Mount, mount my soul, and let thy thoughts cashier
Earths vain delights, and make their full carier
At Heav'ns eternal joyes; stop, stop thy Courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure;
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure;
And blaze in honour farre above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour trash; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUG.

Let Bo
Thy E
Fear n
Thou c

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing : I pursue that : but am filled with nothing.
 But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and
 onely good, in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not ; for what
 I obtained not, I grieved not ; with what I was possess'd, my whole
 desire was satisfi'd.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit : let him brag of the burthen of the
 day : let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he
 is not as other men : but for me, it is good to cleave unto the
 Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas blasts, and Neptunes waves be joyn'd,
 Thy Eolus commands the waves, the winde:
 Fear not the rocks or worlds imperious waves :
 Thou climbst a rock (my soul) a rock that saves.

XIV.



I sat vnder the shadow of him whom I
have desired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2: 3.

*I sat under his shadow with great delight, and
his fruit was sweet to my tast.*

I

Look how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her Shepherds eyes,
Ere long becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleagring flies;
Where sweltred with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies
From her own self, ev'n of her self afraid;
She shrowds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2

Ev'n so my wand'ring Soul, that hath digrest
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins. These vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but finde no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul: My soul hath oft assaid,
But she can finde no shrowd, but she can feel no shade.

3

I sought the shades of Mirth, to wear away
 My slow-pac'd hours of soul-consuming grief;
 I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
 Of griping sorrows with a nights reprieve;
 I sought the shades of death; thought there t' allay
 My final torments with a full relief:
 But mirth, nor sleep, nor death can hide my hours
 In the false shades of their deceitful bours;
 The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4

Where shall I turn? To whom shall I apply me?
 Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?
 Thy God-head, J E S U S, are the flams that fry me;
 Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a shade,
 Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me,
 Where I might sit refresh'd or unaffraid?
 Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
 Is there no cover that will give protection
 T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
 Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
 See, here's a shadow found: The humane nature
 Is made th' Umbella to the Deity.
 To catch the Sun-Beams of thy just Creatour;
 Beneath this covert thou mayst safely lie:
 Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull tree,
 As quick Zacheus did, and thou shalt see
 A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

GUILL.

GUILL: in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can indure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Justice took flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a shadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and rest.



EPIG. 14.

*Ah, treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That Lord which made thee living leave to live?
See what thy finnes have done: thy finnes have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy shade.*

XV.



*How shall we sing the song of
the Lord in a strange Land*

XV.

P S A L M. 137. 4.

*How shall we sing a song of the Lord in a
strange land?*

Urge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times; these times are not for songs.
The sprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice; and both unsute
My untun'd fortunes: the affected measure
Of strains that are constrain'd afford no pleasure.
Musick's the Child of mirth; where griefs assail
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let such as ravel out their lavish dayes
In honourable riot, that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp^rit
Of madness by the Magick of delight;
Let those of Cupids hospital, that lie
Impatient Patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torments with a wanton smile;
Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick songs:
My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
No cure, or counter-charmes to exorcize.
The ravens dismal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty Wolves mixt with the screech of Owls;
The nirie sad knolls of a dull passing Bell
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
 Joyn'd in a medley's musick for these times;
 These are no times to touch the merry string
 Of *Orpheus*; no, these are no times to sing.
 Can hide-bound Pris'ners, that have spent their souls
 And famish'd bodies in the noysome holes
 Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
 Can the sad Pilgrim, that hath lost his way
 In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey
 To the wild subject, or his savage King,
 Rouze up his palsey smitten sp'rits, and sing?
 Can I a Pilgrim, and a Pris'ner too,
 (Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
 Ought but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
 O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
 Thus made a Pris'ner to a foreign land?
 How can my musick relish in your ears,
 That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
 Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspell
 My poor *Eurydice*, my soul, from hell
 Of earths misconstru'd Heaven, O then my breast
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
 The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
 Heav'ns highest Deity with their lofty strain,
 A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian Well,
 Till then, earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. AUGUST

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those Heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and puritie, with excessive sweetness and inalterable exultation ! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoyce, for what they praise thee : But we prest down with this burden of flesh, farre removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee : We praise thee by faith ; not face to face : but those Angelicall spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIC. 15.

Did I refuse to sing ? said I these times
Were not for songs ? nor musick for these climes ?
Was my errour : are not groanes and tears
Harmonious raptures in th^e Almighty's ears ?

XVI.



I charge you o ye daughters of Ierusalem if ye
find my beloved that you tell him y^e I am sick
of love Cant: v. 8.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

*I charge you, O daughters of Ferusalem, if
you finde my beloved, that you tell him that
I am sick of love.*

1

YOU holy Virgins, that so oft surround
The cities Saphire walls, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground
And trace the new Jerus'lems Jasper street;
Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to spie
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly musick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the solemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

R

Tell

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pin'd ;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress'd
With the full torments of a troubled minde ;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind :
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks ;
Tell him those damask roses, that did strive
With white, both fade, upon my fallow cheeks ;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks ;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a sigh, give ore
To speak ; and tell him-- Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath should hap to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny ;
Bewail the torments of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die :
O blessed Virgins, how my passion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond desires !
Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fires !

S. AUGUST. Med. cap: 40.

*What shall I say? What shall I do? Whither shall I go? Where
shall I seek him? Or when shall I finde him? Whom shall I ask?
Who will tell my beloved that I am sick of Love?*

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

*I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love
my self, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved
that loveth me: I love not my self in my self, but my self in
him, and him in me.*

EPIG. 1.

*Grieve not (my soul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep't thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cause.*

II.



Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with
Apples, for I am sick of loue Cant. 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

*Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples,
for I am sick with love.*

I

○ Tyrant love ! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall !
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sower ;
They say, thy diet's honey mixt with gall ;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of our
Still trade in bitter ; tast nō sweet at all ?
O tyrant love ! Shall our perpetual toil
Ne'r finde a Sabbath to refresh a while
Our drooping souls ? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a smile ?

2

You blessed Maids of honour that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent ;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my sent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love :
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours ;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
 Which *Ætna*-like inflames my flaming breast ;
 Nor is it every apple I desire,
 Nor that which pleases every palate best :
 'Tis not the lasting *Deuzan* I require,
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd *Queening* I request ;
 Nor that which first beshrew'd the name of wise,
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife ;
 No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
 With the fair wealth of *Flora's* Magazine ;
 The purple violet and the pale-fac'd lilly ;
 The pancy and the organ colombine ;
 The flowing thyme, the guilt-bowll daffadilly ;
 The lowly pink, the lotty eglantine :
 The blushing rose, the queen of flowers, and best
 Of *Flora's* beauty ; but above the rest,
 Let *Jesses* sovereign flower perfume my qualming breast.

5

Haste, Virgins, haste, for I lie weak and faint,
 Beneath the pangs of love ; why stand ye mute,
 As if your silence nether car'd to grant ;
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit ?
 No key can lock the doore of my complaint,
 Until I smell this flower, or tast that fruit ;
 Go, Virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r ;
 O, how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flower.

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos. 3:

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisbeth no earthly things, but onely savouresth divine nourishment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossome is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. Neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

*Why apples, O my soul? Can they remove
The pangs of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence;
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.*

R. 4

III.



*My beloved is mine and I am his, hee feedeth
among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.*

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his ; He feedeth
among the lillies.*

I

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my best-beloveds am : so he is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd ; we both became entire ;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
Our firm united souls did more then twine ;
So I my best-beloveds am ; so he is mine.

3

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all :
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin ;
The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.

4

Nay more ; if the fair Thespian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure :
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minutes lease of half my pleasure
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove ;
He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow ;
He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love ;
He's mine by water ; I am his by wine ;
Thus I my best-beloveds am ; thus he is mine.

6

He is my Altar ; I, his holy Place ;
I am his guest ; and he, my living food ;
I'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace ;
I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood ;
He's my supporting elm ; and I his vine :
Thus I my best-beloveds am ; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows :
I give him songs ; he gives me length of dayes :
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows :
And I his Temples with a crown of Praise,
Which he accepts as an ev'lasting signe,
That I my best beloveds am ; that he is mine :

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my soul stamp with the image of thy God, love him of
whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee,
seek him that seeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whose love thou
art prevented, being the cause of thy love: Be careful with those
that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the
clean, and holy with the holy: choose this friend above all friends,
who when all are taken away remaineth onely faithful to thee:
In the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive
thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their
prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul: What? lost and found?
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd!
He did but climbe the Cross, and then came down
Toth' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown:

IV.



*I am my beloveds, & his Desire is
towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson
Sc:*

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

I

Like to the Artick needle, that doth guide
 The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
 And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
 The question of the controverted hour,
 That franticks up and down, from side to side
 And restless beats his crystal'd Iv'ry case,
 With vain impatience ; jets from place to place,
 And seeks the bosome of his frozen bride,
 At length he slackes his motion, and doth rest
 His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved brest.

2

Oh so my soul, being hurried here and there,
 By ev'ry object that presents delight,
 Would be settled, but she knows not where ;
 She likes at morning what she loaths at night :
 She bows to honour ; then she lends an eare
 To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
 Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure ;
 Now flatter'd with false hope ; now soyl'd with fear :
 Thus finding all the worlds delights to be
 Empty toyes, good God, she points alone to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright;
 Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,
 Unguided by the virtue of thy sp'rit?
 O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
 Her wasted talent, and unrais'd, aspire
 In this sad moulting time of her desire?
 Not first belov'd have I the power to love?
 I cannot stirre, but as thou please to move me,
 Nor can my heart return thee love, untill thou love me.

4

The still Commandress of the silent night
 Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye;
 His fair aspect fills her sharp hornes with light,
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
 Even so the beams of her enlightning sp'rit
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
 In flame my thoughts and fill my soul with fire,
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
 But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
 And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternal God! O thou that onely art
 The sacred Fountain of eternal light,
 And blessed Load-stone of my better part,
 O thou my hearts desire, my souls delight,
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
 And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 25.

If Man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can
brooke the others absence? if a bride can be joynd to her
groom with so great an ardency of minde, that for the extre-
my of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence with-
out great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought
the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love
her true God and glorious bride-groom?

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought; 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.



*My Soule melted, when my beloved
spake. Cant; 5. 6.*
will: Simpson scul:

V.

CANTICLES 5. 6.

*My Soul melted whil'st my Beloved
spake.*

Lord, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a floud
Of melted mercy? or the strength t' unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r
To stop, or snatch a falling thunder-bolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute confusion, and in stead
Of vials pour full blessings on our head?
Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry,
And move thy merey to a quick supply?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
Alas, what marvel then, great God, what wonder
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder
The brazen portalls of eternal death;
What wonder if that life-restoring breath
Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soul with ore-delight?
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun?
Me thinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow,

S

Thy

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyfull heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excess of pleasure;
What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joyes,
Would not despise and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill-earth? What soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood
Had rancor to devise? Who would not bear
The worlds derision with a thankful ear?
What palat would refuse full bowls of spight,
To gain a minutes tast of such delight?
Great spring of light in whom there is no shade
But what my interposed sins have made,
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear?
Disperse these plague-distilling clouds, and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day;
Transplant this screen, remove this barre away,
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turn a sov'reign balsame, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul,

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

*What fire is this that so warmeth my heart ! What light is this
that so enlightneth my soul ! O fire, that alwaies burneth, and ne-
ver goest out, kindle me : O light, which ever shinest, and art
never darkned, illuminate me : O that I had my heat from thee,
most holy fire ! How sweetly dost thou burn ! How secretly dost
thou shine ! How desirably dost thou inflame me !*

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

*It maketh God man, and man God ; things temporal, eterna-
l ; mortal, immortal ; it maketh an enemy a friend ; a ser-
vant, a son ; vile things, glorious ; cold hearts fiery, and hard
things liquid.*



EPIG. 5.

*My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross ;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with some loss ;
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true ;
Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.*

VI.



Whom haue I in heaven but thee, or what
 desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps. ¹²⁵ 73
 W. S. sc:

VI.

P S A L M. .73 25.

*Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what
desire I on earth in respect of thee?*

I

I Love (and have some cause to love) the earth :
She is my Makers creature ; therefore good :
She is my Mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender Nurse ; she gives me food :
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with thee ?
Or what's my Mother, or my Nurse to me ?

2

I love the Aire : her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me :
But what's the Aire or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withall, compar'd to thee ?

3

I love the Sea : She is my fellow creature ;
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store :
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

4

To heav'n's high citie I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplations great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie :
 But what is Heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee ?
 Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence Earth gives no refection ?
 Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure ?
 Without thy presence Air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence Heav'n it self's no pleasure :
 It not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
 What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest Honours that the world can boast,
 Are subjects farre too low for my desire ;
 The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly Glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares ;
 Wisdome, but folly ; Joy, disquiet sadness ;
 Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares ;
 Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madness :
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I ?
 Not having thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I ?
 And having thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor Sea, nor Land ; nor would I be
 Possess'd of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

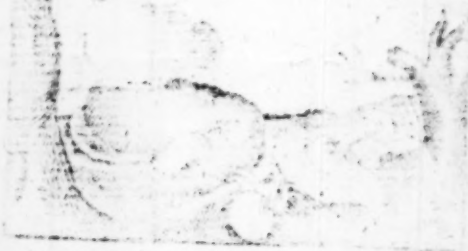
BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

Alas, my God, now I understand (but blush to confesse) that the beautie of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable then all thy Creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beautie: For who hath adorned the Heavens with starres? Who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these but a small spark of Divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

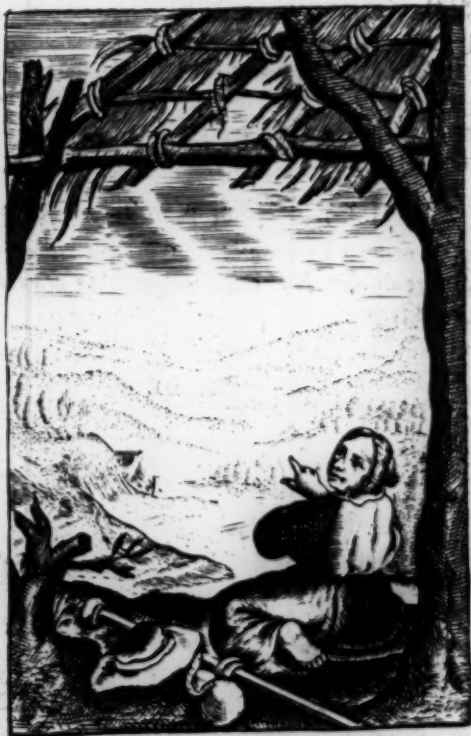
In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ; Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward.



EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that without him?
Cast up (my soul) thy clearer eye; Behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.



*Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with
Mesech: and to have my habitation among the
tents of Cedar: Psal: 120: 4:*

VII.

P S A L M 120. 5.

*Wee is to me, that I remain in Mesbech, and
dwell in the tents of Kedar!*

IS Natures course dissolv'd? doth Times glass stand?
Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand
Of Fates perpetual Clock? will't never strike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or sick,
With very Age? or hath that great Pair-royal
Of Adamantine sisters late made trial
Of some new trade? shall mortal hearts grow old
In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold,
And underprop my parting sides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will sever
My well-spun thred, that my imprison'd soul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madness makes the world afraid
To entertain heavens joy, because convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce
That brought them? or will povertie send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;

Which

which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives :
O frantick mortall, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights ! Delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please :
Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull fears ; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs ; her griefs weep fearful tears !
Tears coyn deceitful hopes ; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion juttles passion out :
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth ; at night we weep as fast :
To night we swim in wealth, and lend ; to morrow,
We sink in want, and finde no friend to borrow,
In what a climate doth my soul reside !
Where pale-fac'd murder, the first born of pride,
Sets up her kingdome in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles ;
A land, where each embroyd' red sattin word
Is lin'd with fraud ; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Astrea's* balance ; where that hand
Now slayes his brother, that new sow'd his land ;
O that my dayes of bondage would expire
In this lewd soyl ! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
These long'd for joyes, long'd for so oft in vain !
If *Moses*-like I may not live posselt
Of this fair land ; Lord, let me see 't at least,

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life ; a corruptible life ; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth : The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death : Now I rejoyce, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die ; now I seem happy, always miserable ; now I laugh, now I weep : All things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth long in one state : O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee ?



EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak ? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travel for a night of rest ?
Chear up, my soul ; call home thy sp'rits, and
O'er bad good-friday ; full mouth'd Easter's

VIII.



O wretched Man that I am who shall
 deliver me from the body of this death
 Rom: 7. 24

O wretched
 me

Behold
 Par
 Such ea
 So often
 Such m
 Bafe eap
 Unfeare
 Thy Go
 Behold
 So deari
 And pu
 Behold
 With fa
 Of ill-f
 Behold
 Derides
 Proclain
 Most ful
 What m
 To love
 Of thy
 Of cour
 And tho
 Canst th

VIII.

ROMANS 7. 24.

*O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver
me from the body of this death?*

Behold thy darling, which thy lustful care
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cates: for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is sainted, the infernal lake
Unfeared, the Crown of glory poorly rated,
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness; and when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and being fed
Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kinde, to love unlov'd again!
Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain?

Remember,

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art sworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a costly price was given
To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une J E H O V A
Would fain become a suter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,
To sit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'll give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things
Transcending far the Majesty of Kings:
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
Hugg thy soft sides? shall these coarse hands untie
The sacred Zone of thy virginity?
For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts despise
Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain
Th' ignoble proffers of so base a swain;
Or if thy vows be past, and Hymens bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiencie, or precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet mayst thou plead
A second freedom; for the flesh is dead:

NAZIAN

What
Hang
Cost
Thy

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joynd to this body, I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to warre, and being damaged by warre, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: What I fear I embrace, and what I love I am affraid of: before I make warre, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be dawb'd with flesh and bloud?
Hang'd round with silks and gold: repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.



*I am in a Streight betwixt two haueing a
desire to Depart & to be nth Christ.
Phil. 1. 27.*

IX.

PHILIPPIANS I. 23.

*I am in a straight between two, having a desire
to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.*

1

What meant our carefull parents so to wear,
And lavish out their ill expended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah what meant they to endure
Such loads of needles labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too sure,

2

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keyes?
What mean these bargains, and these needles sales?
What need these jealous, these suspicious wayes
Of law-devis'd, and law-dissolv'd entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth as I.

3

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of almes, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich:
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

T

I

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
 I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
 I cannot speak a word which earth prophanes not;
 I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not;
 If I but offer up an early groane,
 Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-long'd for throne,
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my offering down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
 Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock)
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
 But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
 It gives her loyns a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To Heav'ns bright Palace (where my treasure lies)
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
 Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
 When I but strive to mount the least degree,
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
 Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
 In vain I offer my extended hands:
 I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain;
 I cannot come till thou release my bands:
 Which if thou please to break, and then supply
 My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

Ab sweet Iesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt, and languish with the onely desire of thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it alwaies desire thee, seek thee, and finde thee, and sweetly rest in thee.



EPIG. 9.

What? will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
 Are they too strong, or is thy arm too weak?
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
 My soul, there's *Aquafortis* in thine eyes.

X.



Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise
thy Name : Ps: 142. 7. will: simpson. sculpsit.

X.

P S A L M 142. 7.

*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise
thy name.*

MY Soul is like a bird, my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine, and sacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then
From higher reason down to sense again:
From sense she climbs to faith; where for a season
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason back to faith, and straight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sense to hope; then hops from hope to doubt:
From doubt, to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date
Of unexpired thraldom, to release
Th' afflicted captive, that can finde no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and wast my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint:
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,

In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
Of mans redemption, and his Makers glory:
You glorious Martyrs, you illustrious troops,
That once were cloyster'd in your fleshly coops,
As fast as I, what rhet-rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiack songs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion
What shackle breaking faith infus'd such motion
To your strong prayers, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd so soon?
When I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can finde no ease:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
Permit the passion of my holy rage
To recommend my sorrows, dearly known
To you, in dayes of old, and once your own,
To your best thoughts, (but oh 't doth not besit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love and joy, not pittie:)
Great Lord of souls to whom should pris'ners flie,
But thee? Thou hadst thy cage, as well as I:
And for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
The sorrows that it brought, and feltst them too;
O set me free, and I will spend those dayes,
Which now I wast in begging, in thy praise.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he lost? And what hath he found? He hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? That thing is left, by which he is miserable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: Miserable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterprised? What have I done? Whither did I go? Whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight-voice prevail'd; his musicks thunder
 Unhing'd the prison doores, split bolts in sunder:
 And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
 And whin'st to be enlarg'd? soul, learn to sing.

XI.



*As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
 So panteth my soule after thee O Lord.*

Will. Dinnon. Sculpsit.

XI.

P S A L M. 24. I.

*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks,
so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

I

How shall my tongue expresse that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What Art shall I devise t' expresse desire,
Too intricate to be expresse'd by Art!
Let all the nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, *David's* Muse.

2

Not as the thirsty soyl desires soft show'rs,
To quicken and refresh her Embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my God: these, in few hours,
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain,
But as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must finde or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart;
My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot finde where thou my refuge art:
Like as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must finde or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound
The bloud that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in shape a Hound:
We strove, he bit me; but thou brak'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for streams, ev'n so did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must finde or die.

5

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
Thou art the streams whereto my soul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
Thou art the balsame that must cure my wound:
If payson chance t' infest my soul in fight,
Thou art the treacle that must make me sound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, embost, doth flie
To th' streams extremely long'd for, so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must finde or die.

CYRIL

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysom thirst of this world, that scourerh all the stains of sinners, that watererh the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely God !

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ; Lord, I thirst : Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me ; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God !

EPIG. II.

*The arrow-smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs with water in his weeping eyes :
Heav'n is thy spring : If Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides, do so, my wounded Heart ;*

XII.



*When shall I come and appeare before
the Lord Ps : 42 . 2 . W. M. sculp.*

W
W
With
To for
More
Fed b
Fill'd
God i
Do th
Is no
What
But, l
With
Bring
No pl
Great
What
What
How
Vain
How
Woo
How
Hath
Repe
In vai

XII.

PSALM 42. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God?

What is my soul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? What boots it to be coyn'd
With Heav'n's own stamp? What vantage can there be
To souls of Heav'n-descended pedigree,
More then to beasts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighty's hand? And ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his blessing too? Do they not see
God in his Creatures as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? Hear thee? nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what serves our reason,
But, like dark-lanterns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-blind sight;
No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'ledge more then sense hath reason then?
What vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain tow'rs of Hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face!
How often have I sought thee? Oh how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:

If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? If that object be too bright
For mans aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t^e expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny;
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure
To view thy gift: Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams of Heav'n's great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drouzie shepherd sleeps; flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flow'rs freshly spring;
The beatts grow gamelome, and the birds they sing.
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when shall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 39.

Who created all things is better then all things; who beautified all things is more beautifull then all things: who made strength is stronger then all things: who made great things is greater then all things: Whatsoever thou lovest he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thy self was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?

EPIG. 12.

*How art thou shaded in this veil of night,
Behinde thy curtain flesh? thou seest no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy flesh is high: soul take this curtain down.*

XIII.



Oh if I had the wings of a Dove for then I
 would fly away & be at rest. Ps. 55. 6
 W. Simpson.

XIII.

PSALM 55. 6.

*O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I
would flie away and be at rest.*

I

ANd am I sworn a dunghil-slave for ever
To earths base drudg'ry? shall I never finde
A night of rest? shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature binde
My soul earths prentice, with no clause to leave her?
No day of freedom? must I ever grinde?
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and sore above,
And pour my just complaints before the great Jhove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the sent of these inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth and clip away!
As wise *Astræa* did, and scorn this ball of clay!

3

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
 And loath the dainties of earths painful pleasure!
 O how I'de laugh to see men night and day
 Turmoyl, to gain that trash they call their treasure!
 O how I'de smile to see what plots they lay
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from *Cesar*!
 Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,
 How I would fore and sing, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4

There should I finde that everlasting pleasure, (not;
 Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
 There should I finde that everlasting treasure,
 Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments not;
 There should I finde that everlasting *Cesar*,
 Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents not;
 Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,
 How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;
 No liver-scalding lust shall there incense
 Our boyling veins. There is no *Cupid's* bow:
 Lord, give my soul the milk-white innocence
 Of Doves, and I shall have their pinions too:
 Had I the pinions of a sprightly Dove,
 How I would quit this earth, and soare above
 And Heav'ns blest kingdom finde, with Heav'ns blest King
 (Jehove.

S. AUGUST. in Psalm. 138.

What wings should I desire but the two precepts of love, on which the Law and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Justice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us finde those wings by love which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 76.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or hardeneth our sight until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are:

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, did'st ever trie
How fast the wings of red-croft faith can flie?
Why begg'st thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are swifter, but the swiftest love.

XIV.



*How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord
of Hosts my Soule longeth yea even fainteth
for the courts of the Lord. Ps. 84.1*

XIV.

P S A L M 84. 1.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O God of Hostes.

A Ncient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That uncontain'd at once dost fill all places,
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expresse courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Lavish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense what faith alone should see.

Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angel-measur'd leagues from th' Eastern shore
Of dungeon-earth this glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed Angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls for whom the Lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave this brave court her building;
The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb being spilt;
For rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in cold and gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and impav'd her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his ey-balls ray'd,
Grew Chrysolites, whereof her walls were made :
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundfild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of purest Sardonix.
Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,
Stars lie like pebbles scattred on the ground :
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jasper stone,
Made gravell'd cause-ways to be trampled on :
There shines no Sun by day, no Moon by night ;
The Palace glory is the Palace light :
There is no time to measure motion by,
There Time is swallow'd with Eternity :
Wry-mouth'd Disdain, and corner haunting Lust,
And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Distrust,
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble-state Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suspition,
And lumpish Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are banish'd thence, and Death's a stranger there :
But simple Love, and sempiternal Joyes,
Whose sweetness neither gluttons nor fulness cloyes ;
Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see
Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
And blessing, love him, and in love, possess him :
Here stay my soul, and ravish in relation :
Thy words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Psal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkness; joy without grief; desire without punishment; love without sadness; satiety without loathing; safety without fear; health without disease; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's brights face is seen but by reflexion:
But would'st thou know what's Heav'n? I'll tell thee what
Think what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.

XV.



Make hart my Beloved, and be Thow like
 to a Roe, or to a yong Hart vpon the
 Mountaines of Spices. Cant. 2. 14. will. 3. 4.

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

*Make haste, my Beloved, and be like the Roe,
or the young Hart upon the mountains of
Spices.*

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce;
My soul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
I'th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming;
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:
Haste hence, and let thy winged steps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes,
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies;
Art thou so easily woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantick language of my foolish fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'rcome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties too cruel pleasure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
Languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:

Haste

Haste then, and let thy winged steps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear ; O let my ravish'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly ;
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss ?
O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?
Look full upon me ; for my soul desires
To turn a holy Martyr in those fires :

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'r come me.
If thou becloud the Sun-shine of thine eye,
I freez to death, and if it shine, I fry ;
Which like a feaver, that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freez too hot :
Alas, I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be les glorious then thou art.

Haste then, and let thy winged steps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath ;
Too large a distance makes another death :
My youth is in her Spring ; Autumnal vows
Will make me riper for so sweet a Spouse ;
When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'r come me.

Autor

Author scalæ Paradisi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair; think not thy self contemned,
if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things coope-
ræ for the best: both from his absence, and his presence thou
gaineſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: He
cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt
thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languish-
ing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be
contemned; and being abſent, to be more deſired; and being de-
ſired, to be more earneſtly ſought; and being long ſought, to be
more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſins monſter, whom, with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make then pleaſe;
What would'ſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade:
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.



Fidesq; Coronat ad aras

THE FAREWEL.

REVELATION 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

BE faithful, Lord, what 's that ?
Believe : 'tis easy to believe ; but what ?

That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath pai'd thy fine, and hath compounded
For those foul deeds thy hands have done :
Believe, that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:

Did ever mis'ry finde so strang relief ?
It is a love too strong for mans belief.

2

Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no scape there was no flying,
But through his dearest blouds expence :
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And for his love, but love again :
Did ever mis'ry finde so true a friend ?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With

3

With floods of tears baptize
 And drench these dry, these unregen^rate eyes;
 Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
 That from this heart, this hell of grief,
 May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
 O, if thy mercies will remove
 And melt this lead from my belief,
 My grief will then refine my love,
 My love will then refresh my grief:
 Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchsafe
 To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the crown of Glory
 The wages of a lamentable story?
 Or can so great a purchase rise
 From a salt humour? can mine eye
 Run fast enough t^o obtain this prize?
 If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
 Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
 Alas, I cannot; then endeavour:
 I will: but will a tugg or two
 Suffice the turn? thou must persevere:
 I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
 Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there such a dearth
 That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?
 He whom thy hands did form of dust;
 And gave him breath upon condition;
 To love his great Creatour, must
 He now be thine by composition?

Art thou a gracious God and milde,
Or head-strong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a base rebellious childe,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;
Thou giv'st us Faith; and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS.

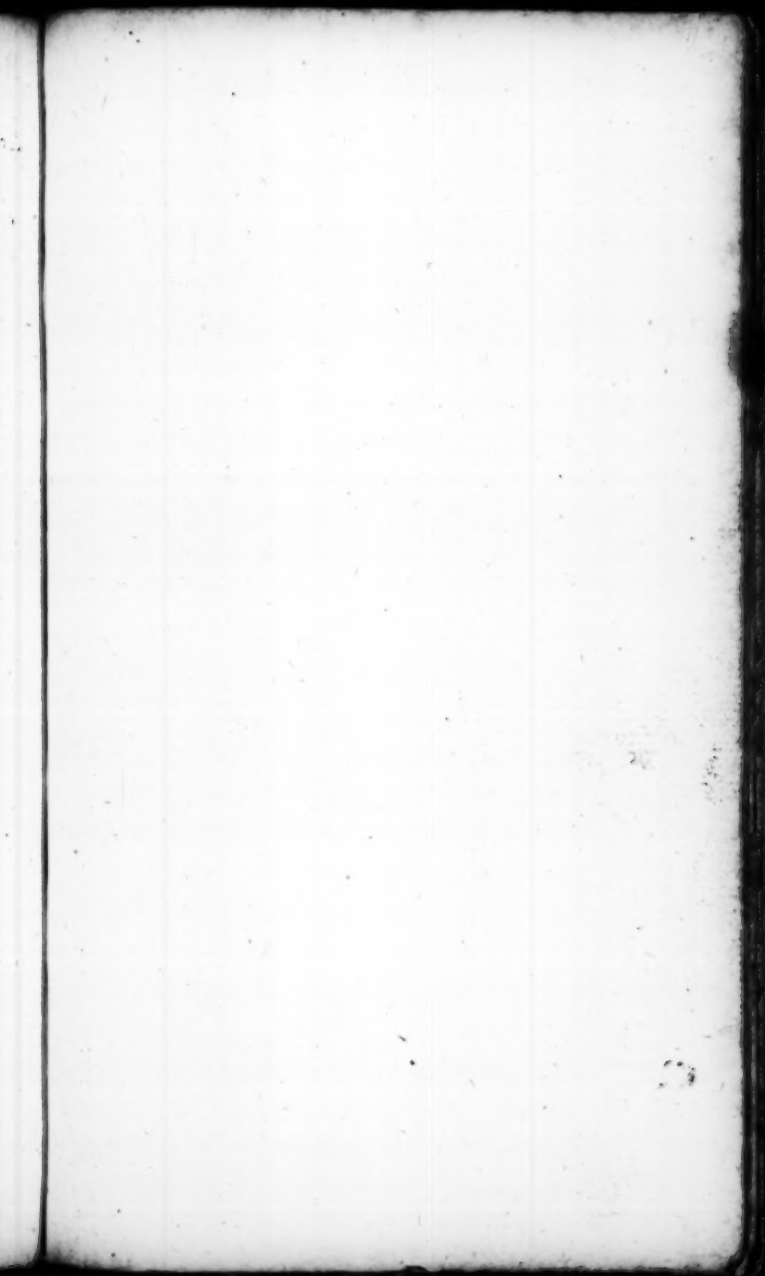
1789
1625

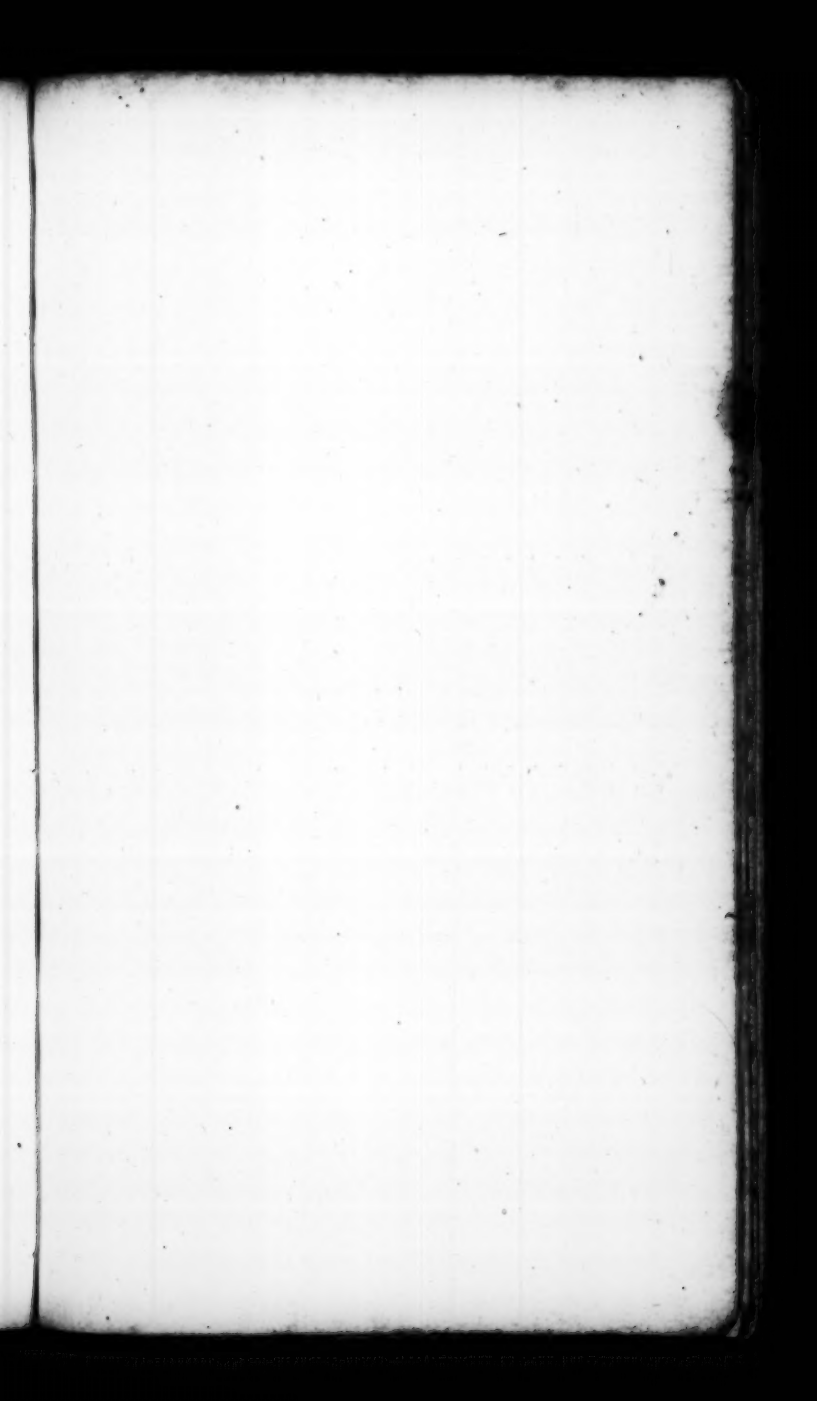
164

acted by note
all the
Built in
the year 1625

Ar

11111
33333
55555
77777
99999







The minde of the Frontispiece.

This Bubble's Man : Hope, Fear, false Joy and Trouble,
Are those four Windes which dayly tossé this Bubble.



*Hieroglyphikes
of the life of Man*



Pro. Quarles

T

O

P


fr

To the right Honourable
both in Bloud and Virtue, and
most accomplisht L A D Y,

M A R Y,
C O U N T E S S E O F D O R S E T,
L A D Y Governess to the
most Illustrious

C H A R L E S,
P R I N C E of great Britain, and
J A M E S,
D U K E of York.

Excellent Lady,

 *Present these Tapours to burn
under the safe protection of
your Honourable Name: where,
I presume, they stand secure
from the damps of ignorance, and blasts of
X 4 censure.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

censure. It is a small part of that abundant service which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

MADAME,

Your Lapps. most

humble Servant,

FRA. QUARLES.



To the Reader.

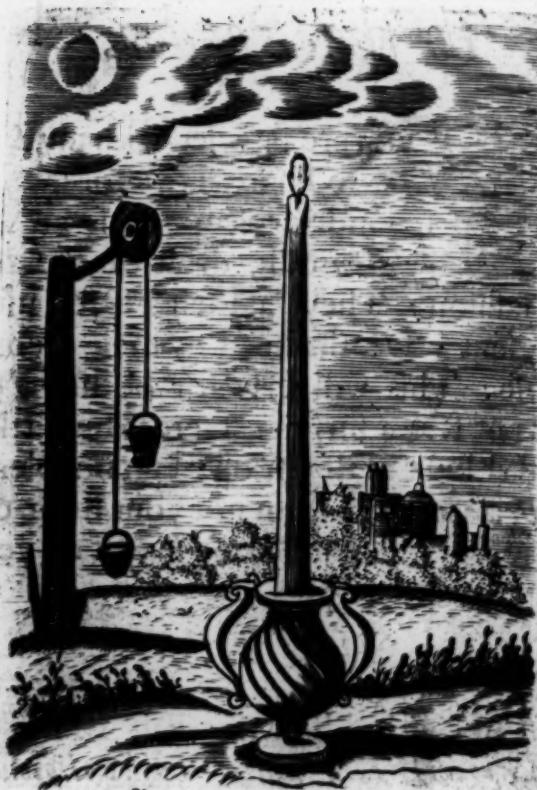
IF you are satisfied with my *Em-
blemes*, I here set before you a
second Service. It is an *Æ-
gyptian* dish, drest on the *En-
glish* fashion: They, at their Feasts, used
to present a Deaths-head at their second
Course: This will serve for both. You
need not fear a surfeit: Here is but little;
and that, light of digestion: If it but please
your Palate, I question not your stomach
Fall too; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. E. B.

*Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.*

BENEVOLUS.

Hieroglyph. I.



Sine Lumine inane.

PSALM. 51. 5.

*Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did
my mother conceive me.*

MAn is mans *ABC*: There is none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell Man:
Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
To his Creatour though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and sometimes slips
Through unadvised hast; and when at length
His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
Oft fails to stand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
These stairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger
To this blind way: The Lamps of nature lends
But a false light, and lights to her own ends.
These be the wayes to Heav'n; these paths require
A light that springs from that Diviner fire,
Whose humane soul-enlightning sun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th' immortal part.
And here, thou great Original of Light,
Whose errour-chacing beams do unbenight
The very soul of darkness, and untwist
The clouds of ignorance, do thou assist
My feeble quill; reflect thy sacred rayes
Upon these lines, that they may light the wayes
That lead to thee; so guide my heart; my hand,
That I may do what others understand.
Let my heart practice what my hand shall write;
Till then, I am a Tapour wanting light.

This

This golden Precept, *Know thy self*, came down
 From Heav'n's high Court : It was an Art unknown
 To flesh and bloud. The men of Nature took
 Great journies in it : Their dim eyes did look
 But through a mist, like Pilgrims they did spend
 Their idle steps, but know no journies end.
 The way to know thy self, is first to cast
 Thy frail beginning, Progress, and thy last :
 This is the sum of Man : But now return
 And view this Tapour standing in this Urn.
 Behold her substance, sordid and impure,
 Useless and vain, and (wanting light) obscure :
 'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last
 Beyond that span ; ordain'd and made to wast :
 Ev'n such was Man (before his soul gave light
 To his vile substance) a meer childe of night ;
 Ere he had life, estated in his Urn,
 And markt for dearch ; by nature, born to burn :
 Thus liveless, lightless, worthless first began
 That glorious, that presumptuous thing call'd Man.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: Thou wert made of an impure substance, clothed and nourished in thy mothers blood.



EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond Tapour: what thou seek'st, is fire:
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe then their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.

Hieroglyph. II,



Nescius Vnde .

GENESIS I. 3.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

I

THis flame-expecting Tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puffed and quencht at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This snuff with flame: But mark this hand doth shroud
Itself from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finish'd Organs, now possess'd
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of celestial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? while we go about,
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

If,

4

If it be part of that celestial Flame,
 It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot
 As that eternal Fountain whence it came :
 If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot ?
 It self being pure could not it self defile ;
 Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil
 Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when ?
 If in the first six dayes, where kept till now ?
 Or if the soul were new created, then
 Heav'n did not all, at first, he had to do :
 Six dayes expired all creation ceast,
 All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,
 Were finisht and complete before the day of rest.

6

But why should Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
 That priviledge which Plants and Beasts obtain ?
 Beasts bring forth Beasts, the Plant a perfect Plant ;
 And ev'ry like brings forth her like again :
 Shall Fowls and Fishes, Beasts and Plants convey
 Life to their issue, and Man less then they ?
 Shall these get living souls ? And Man dead lumps of clay ?

7

Must humane souls be generated then ?
 My water ebs ; behold, a Rock is nigh :
 If Natures work produce the souls of men,
 Mans soul is mortal : All that's born must die.
 What shall we then conclude ? What sun-shine will
 Disperse this gloomy cloud ? Till then, be still,
 My vainly striving thoughts ; lie down, my puzzl'd quill.

ISIDOR.

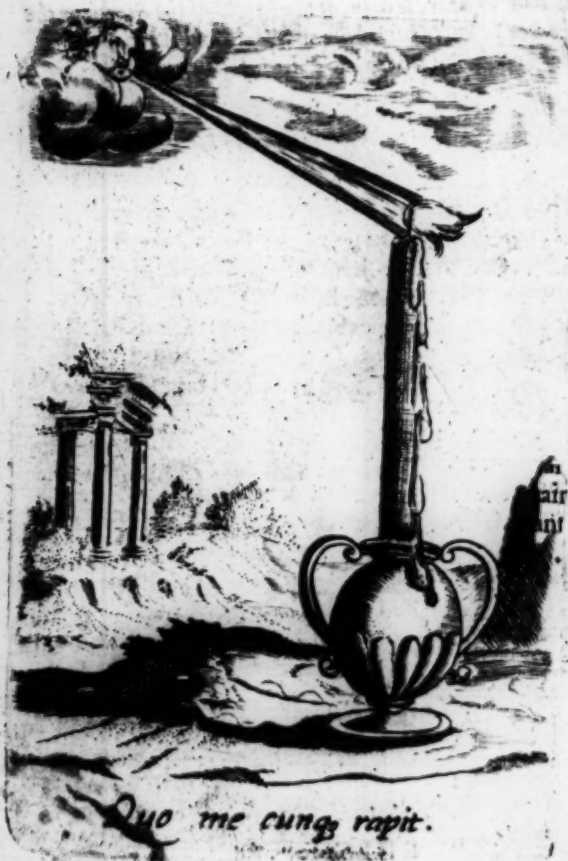
ISIDOR.

*Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the
depth of the Sea? Enter into thine own soul, and Wonder there.
The soul by creation is infused; by infusion, created.*

EPIG. 2.

*What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kinde of happiness, that can return
No more accompt but this, to say, I burn!*

Y



PSALM 103. 16.

The winde passeth over it, and it is gone,

NO sooner is this lighted Tapour set
 Upon the transitory stage
 Of eye-bedarkning night,
 But it is straight subjected to the threat
 Of envious windes, whose wastful rage
 Disturbs her peaceful light, (bright.
 And makes her substance wast, and makes her flame loss

2

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
 To take possession of this vast,
 This soul-afflicting earth,
 But danger meets us at the very womb,
 And sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast
 Salutes our painful birth,
 To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
 Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
 Nor politick old age,
 Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
 Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
 Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page
 Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
 And every blast brings forth a fear;
 And every fear, a death;
 The more it lengthens, ah, the more it waits;
 Were, were we to continue here
 The dayes of long liv'd Seth,
 Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Tost too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
 With every puff, with every tide
 Of self-consuming care;
 Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n,
 Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside;
 And every blast of air
 Commits such walt in man as man cannot repair.

6

W' are all born debtors, and we firmly stand
 Oblig'd for our first parents debt,
 Besides our interest;
 Alas, we have no harmeless counter-band,
 And we are every hour beset
 With threatnings of arrest,
 And till we pay the debt we can expect no rest.

7

What may this sorrow-shaken life present
 To the false relish of our tast
 That's worth the name of sweet?
 Her minutes pleasure's choak'd with discontent,
 Her glory foil'd with every blast;
 How many dangers meet
 Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding sheet!

S. AUGUST

 Art el
 Distu
 Hold
 Will

S. AUGUST:

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of troubles, yet beloved: What if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the Tapour lifted hie
Will brook the winde, when lower Tapours die.

Y 3

*Curando Labascit.*

A
Ever d
Alw
T
V
T

You th
Col
Are bu
Nat
N
I
T

Natur
Anc
Can n
Anc
S
T
Hager

Natur
If n
Art sta
Enc
I
M
A

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the Physician.

Always pruning, always cropping;
Is her brightness still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping;
Always curing; never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a wast;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her fo,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor,
Can not stoop to Arts correction,
And she scorns a coadjutor,
Saucy Art should not appear
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if Sara bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindered that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abettor,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seise
Nature foil'd with the disease,
Art may help her if she please.

5

But to make a trade of trying
 Druggs and doses, always pruning,
 Is to die for fear of dying;
 He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
 He that often loves to lack
 Dear-bought druggs hath found a knack
 To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6

O the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of Natures glory!
 How infirm his composition!
 And at best how transitory!
 When his ryot doth impair
 Natures weakness, then his care
 Adds more ruin by repair.

7

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
 Life perchance may burn the stronger:
 Having substance to sustain her,
 She untouch'd, may last the longer:
 When the Artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

NICOCLES.

Physicians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimes; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

*My purse being heavy, if my light appear
But dimm, Quack comes to make all clear;
Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us light.*



Te auxiliante resurgo.

1737. *Amstel. Edes.*

PSALM 91. II.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

I

O How mine eyes could please themselves, and spend
 Perpetual ages in this precious sight !
 How I could woo Eternity, to lend
 My wasting day an antidote for night !
 And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,
 That views this object with no more delight !
 My work is great, my Tapour spends too fast :
 'T is all I have, and soon would out or wast,
 Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

2

O, I have lost the jewel of my soul,
 And I must finde it out, or I must die ?
 Alas ! my sin-made darkness doth controul
 The bright endeavour of my careful eye :
 I must go search and ransack every hole ;
 Nor have I other light to seek it by :
 O if this light be spent, my work not done,
 My labour's worse then lost ; my jewel's gone,
 And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You blessed Angels, you that do enjoy
 The full fruition of eternal glory,
 Will you be pleas'd to fancy such a toy
 As man, and quit your glorious territory,
 And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ
 Your care to guard the dust that lies before ye ?
 Disdain you not these lumps of dying clay,
 That, for your pains, do oftentimes repay
 Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griev'd away ?

This

4

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
 In the fair suburbs of Eternity,
 Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blast,
 And turn'd a *May-pole* for the sporting fly;
 And will you, sacred *Spirits*, please to cast
 Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
 How had this slender inch of Tapour been
 Blasted and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly *Screen*
 Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stept between!

5

O goodness, far transcending the report
 Of lavish tongues! too vast to comprehend!
 Amazed quill, how far dost thou come short
 T' express expressions that so far transcend!
 You blessed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,
 Whose full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
 Receive that world of praises that belongs
 To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
 With our Hosanna's mix'd with your Seraphick songs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

*My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n:
One Angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy own.*



ECCLESIASTES 3. I.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

Time.

I

Death.

Time. **B**Ehold the frailty of this slender snuff
 Alas, it hath not long to last :
 Without the help of either thief or puff,
 Her weakness knows the way to waft :
 Nature hath made her substance apt enough
 To spend it self, and spend too fast :
 It needs the help of none
 That is so prone
 To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow pac'd sand ;
 Thy idle minutes make no way :
 Thy glass exceeds her how'r, or else doth stand,
 I can not hold, I can not stay.
 Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand,
 I surset with too long delay :
 This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
 Doth burn too bright ;
 Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand ;
 Thy captiv's fast and cannot flee :
 What arm can rescue ? who can countermand ?
 What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free ?
 Or if they could, what close, what foreign land
 Can hide that head that flees from thee ?
 But if her harmeless light
 Offend thy sight, (at night ?
 What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be thine
 I have

4

Death. I have outstaid my patience; my quick trade
 Growes dull and makes too slow return :
 This long-liv'd debt is due, and should been paid
 When first her flame began to burn :
 But I have staid too long, I have delaid
 To store my vast, my craving Urn.
 My patent gives me pow'r
 Each day, each hou'r, (tow'r.
 To strike the Peasants thatch, and shake the Princely

5

Time. Thou count'st too fast: thy patent gives no pow'r
 Till *Time* shall please to say, *Amen* (hou'r:
Death. Canst thou appoint my shaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, When.
 Alas, thou canst not make the poorest flow'r
 To hang the drooping head till then:
 Thy shafts can neither kill,
 Nor strike, until (will.
 My power givethem wings, and pleasure arm thy

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

*Thou knowest not what time he will come : wait always that
because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou mayst be
prepared against the time he cometh. And for this perchance,
thou knowest not the time, because thou mayst be prepared against
all times.*

EPIG. 13.

*Expect, but fear not death : death cannot kill ;
Till Time, (that first must seal her Patent) will :
Would'it thou live long ? keep Time in high esteem ;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recal, redeem.*



Nec sine nec Tecum

V

JOB 18. 6.

*His light shall be dark; and his candle shall
be put out.*

1

What ails our tapour? Is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? What dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she veils her golden head?

2

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnish'd with her brother's hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no winde that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'reign's by.

5

Canst thou behold bright *Phæbus*, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy tapour, thou my sun;
From thee the Spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

Z

Thy

8

Thy Sun-beams are too strong for my weak eye;
 If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord am I!
 Ah, who can see thy visage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth should make a night,
 My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright;
 My earth would ev'n presume t' eclipse thy light.

10

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade,
 If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
 I should be clothed with a double shade.

11

What shall I do? O what shall I desire?
 What help can my distracted thoughts require,
 That thus am wasting 'twixt a double fire?

12

In what a straight, in what a straight am I?
 'Twixt two extremes how my rack'd fortunes lie?
 See I thy face, or see it not, I die.

13

O let the stream of my Redeemers blood
 That breaths from my sick soul, be made a cloud,
 To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

14

Lord, what am I? Or what's the light I have?
 May it but light my ashes to their grave,
 And so from thence, to thee; 't is all I crave.

15

O make my light, that all the world may see
 Thy glory by 't: If not, it seems to me
 Honour enough, to be put out by thee.

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength: O Majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame: so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light: wilt thou vie lights with Heave'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the dayly light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a childe of night.

Z. 4



Vae Virtus obreumpetit.

MATTHEW 5. 16.

*Let your light so shine, that men seeing your
good works may glorify your Father which is
in Heaven.*

I

W As it for this, the breath of Heav'n was blown
Into the nostrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for so poor an end?

2

Was Man, the highest master-piece of Nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copied from his great Creatour,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? to spend his light
In a dark-lanthorn cloystr'd up in night?

3

Tell me recluse Monastick, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapours may gain light from thee:
Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine?
If wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,
And spie a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come fond tapour, shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shrowd for fear.

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert set
 For men to see the great Creatour by;
 Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
 Thou ow'st thy Maker. And wilt thou deny
 To pay the int'rest of thy light?
 And skulk in corners, and play least in sight?

6

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame
 To the injurious wast of Fortunes puff?
 Ah, coward, rouse; and quit thy self for shame;
 Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough:
 Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
 Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

7

Make not thy self a Pris'ner, that art free:
 Why dost thou turn thy Palace to a jail?
 Thou art an Eagle: And besits it thee
 To live immured like a cloyster'd snail?
 Let toys seek corners; things of cost
 Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but lost.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
 Encrease her flame, and give her strength to shine:
 'Tis frail at best: 'tis dimm enough at brightest,
 But 't is her glory to be foil'd by thine.
 Let others lurk: My light shall be
 Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee,

S. BERN.

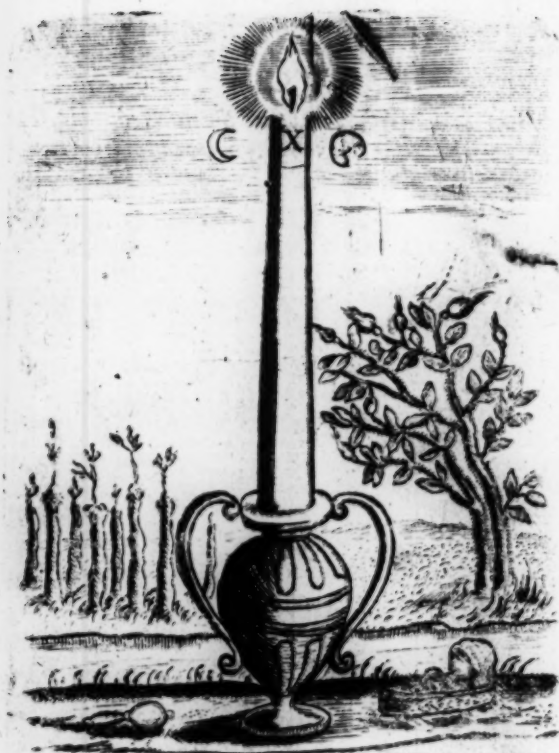
If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monasticks make Cloysters to inclose the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Afraid of eyes & what, still play least in sight;
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monastick*; here's no Parliaments.



Vt Luna Infantia torquet .

W. Marshall sculpit .

JOB 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

I

Behold

How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well temper'd dayes his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

2

Alas

And what is that?
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their sev'n short stages' ore, their short-liv'd task is done.

3

Our days

Begun we lend
To sleep, to antick playes
And toys, until the the first stage end?
12. waining moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss: We rather breath then live.

4

We spend

A ten years breath,
Before we apprehend
What 't is to live, or fear a death:
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,
Which please our sense a while, and waking, prove but toys.

How

5

How vain,

How wretched is
 Door man, that doth remain
 A slave to such a State as this !
 His days are short, at longest ; few, at most ;
 They are but bad, at best ; yet lavish'd out, or lost.

6

They be

The secret springs,
 That make our minutes flee
 On wheels more swift then Eagles wings ;
 Our life 's a Clock, and every gasp of breath
 Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* shall strike a death.

7

How soon

Our new-born light
 Attains to full-ag'd noon !
 And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night !
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
 E'r we can count our dayes, our dayes they flee so fast.

8

They end

When scarce begun ;
 And e'r we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done :
 Man, count thy dayes ; and if they flie too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which we what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason and necessity of sin?

Misery of mankinde, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few dayes
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish playes:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o're agen.



Proles tua, Maia, Inventis

JOB 20. II.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth:

1

THe swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a Sun;
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemisphere

2

The infant Will had yet none other guide
But twilight Sense;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful steps, that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3

Youths now disclosing bud peeps out, and shews
Her April head;
And from her grass-green bed,
Her virgin Primrose early blows;
Whil'st waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonets to the wanton spring.

4

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strow'd with flowers;
The dayes appear but hours,
Being spent in time beguiling sport.
Here griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, no care to vex.

His

5

His downy cheek grows proud, and now disdains
 The tutors hand ;
 He glories to command
 The proud neckt steed with prouder reins :
 The strong breath'd horn must now salute his ear
 With the glad downfal of the falling Dear.

6

His quick-nos'd army, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
 Must now prepare
 To chase the tim'rous Hare
 About his yet unmorgag'd grounds ;
 The ill he hates, is countel and delay,
 And fears no mischief but a rainy day,

7

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
 For bale nor blifs ;
 And late Repentance is
 The last dear pen'worth that he bought :
 He is a dainty morning, and he may,
 If lust oreast him not, b' as fair a day.

8

Proud blossome, use thy Time : Times head-strong horse
 Will post away.
 Trust not the foll'wing day,
 For ev'ry day brings forth a worse :
 Take time at best : believe't, thy days will fall
 From good to bad ; from bad, to worst of all:

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when bloud is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
He is thy Parallel: his present stage
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.



Iam ruit in Venerem.

W. Marshall sculpsit.

ECCLESIASTES II. 9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

HOW flux! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last:
Change waites on Time, and Time is wing'd with hast;
Time present's but the ruines of Time past.

2

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span.
And now thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waste what satisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy shortned dayes, but this, the style of Man?
And what's a man? a cask of care,
New tunnd and working; he's a middle stair
'Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain
The sparkes of *Cupids* fire,
Whose new-blown flames must now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may restrain
The rage of his desire,
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain:
His life's a sickness that doth rise
From a hot liver, Whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistress eyes:

A a a

His

4

His stage is strow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flowers:

His year sometimes *appears*

A minute; and his minutes, *years*:

His doubtful weather's sun-shine mixt with *showers*;

His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*:

His life's a medley, made of *sweets* and *sowers*;

His pains reward is *Smiles* and *Pouts*;

His diet is fair language mixt with *Flouts*;

He is a *Nothing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5

Do, waste thy inch, proud *span* of living earth,

Consume thy golden days

In slavish freedom; let thy ways

Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;

Thy stock of *Time* decays,

And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth:

The bird that's flown may turn at last;

And painful labour may repair a wast;

But pains nor price can call thy minutes past.

SEN.

W
A
W
H

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the minde of a childe, and deserve the style of a wise man ; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remaineth, and what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the vices of a childe.

EPIG. II.

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented ? Is not he
As equal distant from the top as thee ?
What then may cause thy discontented frown ?
He's mounting up the hill ; thou plodding down.

Aa 3



Vt Sol ardore virilij .

Will. Alar. sculp.

DEUTERONOMIE 33. 25.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

The Post
Of swift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Kalends of our middle stage :
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go :
The buds and blossomes of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost ;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me !
There is no rest ;
Our Time is always fleeing :
What rein can curb our head-strong hours ;
They pass away : They pass we know not how :
Our Now is gone, before we can say Now :
Time past and future 's none of ours :
That hath as yet no being ;
And this hath ceast
To be :
What is, is onely ours : How short a Time have we !

And now
Apollo's ear
 Expects harmonious strains,
 New minted from the *Thracian* lyre ;
 For now the virtue of the two-fork'd *Hill*
 Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
 The veins with *Pegasean* fire ;
 And now those steril brains
 That cannot show,
 Nor bear
 Some fruits, shall never wear *Apollo's* sacred Bore.

Excess
 And surfeit uses
 To wait upon these days ;
 Full feed, and flowing cups of wine
 Conjure the fancy, forcing up a sp'rit
 By the base *Magick* of debauch'd delight ;
 Ah pitty, twice-born *Bacchus* Vine
 Should starve *Apollo's* Bayes,
 And drown those *Muses*
 That bless
 And calm the peaceful soul, when stormes of cares oppress.

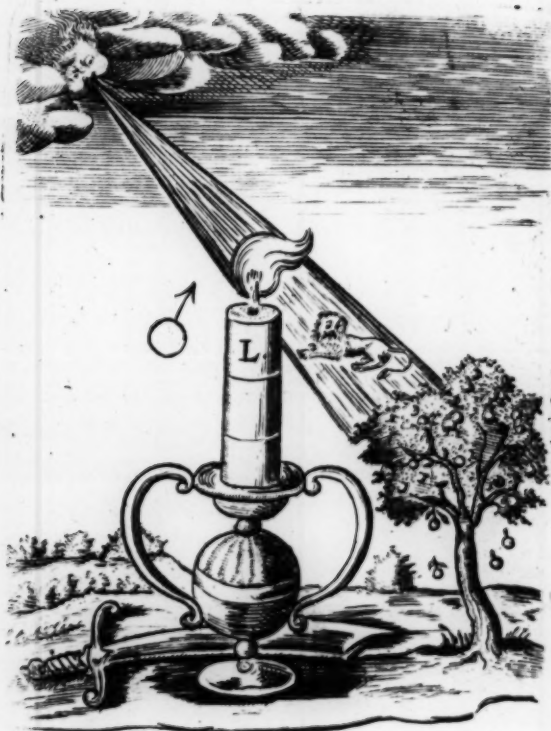
Strong light
 Boast not those beams
 That can but onely rise
 And blaze a while, and then away :
 There is no *Solstice* in thy day ;
 Thy midnight glory lies
 Betwixt th' extremes
 Of night,
 A glory soyl'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy five days? Look backwards and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childehood, and the waste of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the world, the troubles of thy minde, the diseases of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prauncing on the lusty Noon
Of thy full age, boast not thy self too soon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;
Take heed; thou'lt bragg too soon, or boast too late.



Et Martem spirat et arma .

Will Marshall. Sculpit.

JOHN 3. 30.

He must encrease, but I must decrease.

Time voids the table, dinner 's done ;
And now our dayes declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the western rode ;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow steeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, rememb'ring still
Their lashes up th' Olympick hill,
Which having conquer'd, now disdain
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full carier they bend
Their paces to their journeys end :
Our blazing Tapour now hath lost
Her better half, Nature hath crost
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
But scarce gives trust for so much more :
And now the generous sap forsakes
Her seir-grown twig : a breath ev'n shakes
The down-ripe fruit ; fruit soon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
Now sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in disgrace,
Whil'st *Mars* supplies her luke warm place :
Bloud turn to choler : what this age
Loses in strength it findes in rage :
That rich ennamel, which of old,
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told

A harmeless guilt, unask'd, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow ;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Loose riot, and those venial evils
Which inconsiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate* :
And what appear'd in former times
Whisp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *crimes* :
And now all ye whose lips were wont
To drench their Coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnassus* ; you that be
The sons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to display
The flagg of high invention, stay,
Repose your quills ; your veins grow sower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power :
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Censure will strike at every line
And wound your names, the popular ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were.
Thus hackney-like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from stage to stage.

Seest thou the dayly light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of Meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the childe of Eternity, not of Time.

*EPIG. 13.**To the young man.*

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy rising days
Cheer thy glad heart: think'st thou these up-hil ways
Lead to deaths dungeon? no; but know withal,
A rising is but Prologue to a fall.

JOHN 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

I

THe day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made
 No less then treble shade,
 And the descending damp doth now prepare
 T' uncurl bright *Tisans* hair;
 Whose western wardrobe now begins t' unfold
 Her purples, fring'd with gold,
 To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
 Of rest shall call to rest in restless *Thetis* arms.

2

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh;
 The toying plowman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slipp'ry streams:
 The droyling swine-herd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests:
 The box-bil Ouzle, and the dappled Thrush
 Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

3

And now the cold Autumnal dews are seen
 To copweb every green;
 And by the low-shorn Rowins doth appear
 The fast-declining year:
 The sapless branches doff their summer suits
 And wain their winter fruits;
 And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in futes of mossy freez.

Our

4

Our wasted Tapour now hath brought her light
 To the next door to night ;
 Her sprightless flame grown great with snuff, doth turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring Urn :
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
 Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

5

Now carkful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
 Upon the furrow'd brow ;
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanch'd the falling hair :
 Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight
 Disturb's his weary night :
 He threatens youth with age ; and now alas,
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6

Gray-hairs, peruse thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last :
 Those hasty wings that hurri'd them away
 Will give these days no day :
 The constant wheels of Nature scorne to trie
 Until her works expire :
 That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee ;
 That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the
 (tree.

S. CHRYS.

Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour suits with gray hairs: But when an antient man hath childish manners, he becometh more ridiculous then a childe.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeatest thy youthfulness.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Y. *Wast thou this good old man? he represents thy Future, thou, his Preterperfect tense: thou goest to labour, he prepares to rest: thou break'st thy fast, he supps: now which is best?*



Plumbcus in terram .

Will. May. Sculp. Pinxit.

PSALM 90. 10.

*The days of our years are threescore years
and ten.*

I

SO have I seen th' illustrious Prince of Light
Rising in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I seen a well-built *Castle* stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'ers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And layes her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

3

So have I seen the blazing *Tapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whose shadow-gilding ray spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom earth adores, and all hir hostes obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days,

5

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom shone so bright,
 Is now ev'n ravish'd from our darkned eyes:
 That sturdy *Castle*, mann'd with so much might,
 Lies now a Mon^ument of her own disguise:
 That blazing *Tapeur*, that disdain'd the puff
 Of troubled Air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

6

Poor bed-rid *Man*! where is that glory now,
 Thy Youth so vaunted? where that *Majesty*
 Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
 Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
 Those buxom tunes? those *Bacchanalian* tones?
 Those swelling veins? those marrow-flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping *glory*'s Blurr'd, and prostrate lies
 Grov'ling in dust; and frightful horror, now,
 Sharpens the glaunces of thy gashful eyes,
 Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow:
 Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
 And death enerves thy marrow-wasted bones.

8

Thus Man that's born of woman can remain
 But a short time: his days are full of sorrow;
 His life's a *penance* and his death's a *pain*,
 Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;
 His breath's a *bubble*, and his days a *span*:
 'Tis glorious misery to be born a *Man*.

Hieroglyph. XV.

381

CYPR.

*When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin
withered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands
fumbling, feet sailing, the sudden downfall of thy fleshy house is
near at hand.*

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age : covetousness alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears ;
Judgment and strength 's alike in both your years ;
He 's helpless ; so art thou ; what difference then ?
He 's an old *Infant* ; thou, a young old *Man*.

F H N I S.



Thomas Swann
His Book - 1888

